

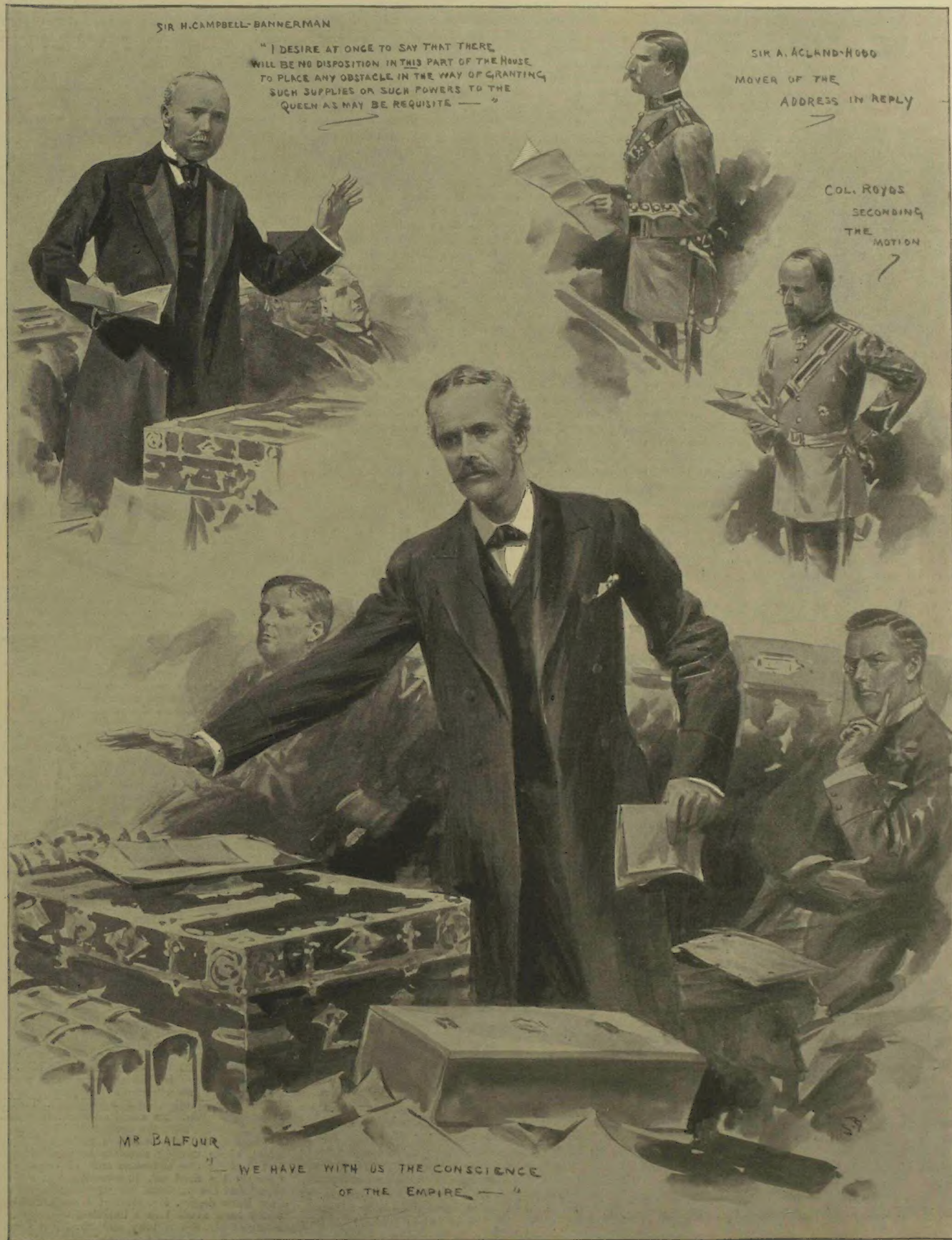
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SIXPENCE.



OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

We are at war with a smaller people than ourselves, and the Continental Press is ringing the changes on the "arrogant greed" of the "robber nation." A peaceable little Italian musician, domiciled comfortably in London, said to a friend of mine, "Ah! you English! You will never be still; you will always grab something!" A caricaturist of the *Figaro* ascribes this amiable motive to us in a clever picture. British officers on the veldt are eagerly studying something through their field-glasses. Movements of the enemy? Not at all. A gentleman who looks like a non-commissioned officer is pointing for the benefit of his superiors. "*Les mines d'or sont là-bas*," says he. Here you have the characteristic French idea of a war which is not of our seeking. The British officers, you perceive, are making straight for the gold-mines with the intention of filling their pockets. There will be a nugget or two for that non-commissioned pioneer. Tommy Atkins will be allowed to quench his thirst for plunder with quartz. The trifling circumstance that the mines are, for working purposes, under leases from the Transvaal Government, the property of people who will have precisely the same rights to them after the war as they had before, and no others, naturally escapes the attention of the Continental critics and caricaturists. The gentlemen at Pretoria who let the ground in which the mines are situated, and who have made a very good thing out of the transaction, will be succeeded by lessors who are more representative of independent public opinion; but as for stealing the gold, which is charitably assumed to be our Imperial object, we are just as likely to steal the Great Auk's egg.

The attitude of our Continental censors is a little comedy with which we are very familiar. We do not resent their interference in our affairs concerning our relations with a State to which we gave self-government, and which will retain self-government when the war is over. To be told that we are a robber nation because we decline to acquiesce in Boer supremacy, not only in the Transvaal, but also in all South Africa, and because we persist in sending troops to our own borders without Mr. Kruger's permission, does not move an Englishman to anger. It amuses him, just as he is amused by Mr. Kruger's ultimatum, and by the letter in the *Times* from a Boer who informs us that most of our population are consumptive or mad or cataleptic. Who is angry because the *Paris Temps* allows a Johannesburg correspondent to assert in its columns that the British troops recently landed at Cape Town were mostly boys who cried, and had to be roped together in batches of ten, and beaten with sticks to make them go ashore? It is the custom of Continental papers to publish such rubbish when they have one of their spasms of fury against England. I am a little surprised at the *Times*, and can only suppose that M. de Pressensé has ceased to be responsible for its foreign news.

If they would only condescend to deal with facts, these excited gentlemen of the French, German, and Russian newspapers! They have all Mr. Kruger's unreason without his piety. They agree with him that we are trying to crush the independence of the Transvaal; but they do not assert that the Almighty has under His special care the gentry who work the monopolies and plunder the alien taxpayers in Mr. Kruger's Republic. It is not the independence of the Transvaal that will suffer from this war; it is the impunity of that nice little nest of corruption at Pretoria. There must be some moral excellence in Mr. Kruger, or he would not be a personal friend of Mr. Courtney's; but he is one of those rulers who divorce their moral excellence from the benefit of the State. There is an illuminating anecdote of Mr. Kruger's past. When the Transvaal was annexed by Shepstone, Mr. Kruger entered the Imperial service. The first thing he did was to scheme for a bigger salary than was paid to his coadjutors. Having got the bigger salary, he proceeded to intrigue against the Imperial Government, and was eventually dismissed by the Colonial Office in a document which, I daresay, is religiously preserved among his family archives. So here you have Mr. Kruger making as much money as he could out of the employers he was betraying, and all with the highest sense of national duty, and of the immediate sanction of Heaven. It is an interesting combination of patriotism, piety, and the main chance; and such as Mr. Kruger was then, so he is to-day.

Mind you, I don't suggest that Mr. Kruger is not honest according to his lights. He is sincerely convinced that the salvation of his country means the grip of his Pretoria clique upon the public funds. He knows no more about economics than a horse, and when some of his advisers strongly recommended the abolition of monopolies as inconsistent with the public interest, he paid no more heed than he did to the protest against the bribery of officials. Officials, he said, ought to have their perquisites. It is reported that certain of these estimable persons have entered shops in Johannesburg and demanded the till. If it be true, it is a natural application of Mr. Kruger's principles of administration. His officials may well regard the alien's till as their perquisite in

war-time. In Mr. Kruger's statecraft there is what you might call a monumental simplicity. To invite the aliens in overwhelming numbers to build up the industrial prosperity of the Republic, to tax them out of all proportion, to keep them unarmed and without political rights, to exclude them from all public offices, to spend the taxes on huge official salaries and excessive armaments, to do all this in the name of liberty and religion, and to go to war to defend the system as the favourite creation of the Almighty—truly a conception that might stagger the world's statesmen from Moses to Bismarck!

I own it is magnificent, but it is also out of date. It belongs to an Italian duchy of the fifteenth century. Caesar Borgia was neither as religious nor as moral as Mr. Kruger. He was quite a different type of man; but he had Mr. Kruger's great idea of raking everything into the State coffers, and sitting on it. Mr. Kruger sits on it, surrounded by a choice bodyguard with their perquisites, and calls Heaven to witness that if he and they should be disturbed, the commonweal will be swallowed by wicked men. I see that Mr. Steyn, President of the Orange Free State, who tells his burghers that British troops have been massed on the Transvaal borders "for many years" to threaten the Boer independence, though at this moment we have barely sufficient force there to repel the Boer attack—I see that the engaging Mr. Steyn attributes the Imperial policy to "lust of gold." Mr. Steyn ought to be a caricaturist on the *Figaro*. "*Les mines d'or sont là-bas*." But down there also is Mr. Kruger sitting on the coffer, stuffed with gold wrung from the people to whom he denies elementary rights. To overtax the majority of a population and give them nothing in return but sneers at their "chimerical grievances," is plunder, dear Mr. Steyn. It is Mr. Kruger's Boers, not we, who are the robber nation, dear brother scribblers of the Continental Press. You don't see it, or, rather, you won't; but we are going to make the proposition good all the same, by removing Mr. Kruger from the coffer-lid, and all without asking your august leave.

These, I take it, are the sentiments of most of our people about this war. They have shown a good deal of patience, for this Transvaal problem has been developing on Mr. Kruger's hallowed lines for nearly twenty years. London is calm, for the war is regarded as a necessary but unpleasant business which has been forced upon us. Some sticklers for chivalry are asking why we don't hit somebody our own size. Well, the Afriids are not our own size. Is that any reason for not keeping order on the Indian frontier? The Khalifa is not our own size. Ought he, on that account, to have been left supreme at Khartoum? If the schoolmaster were never to cane anybody who is not his own size, what would become of scholastic discipline? We are about to give Mr. Kruger a little schooling on the disciplinary side, but without passion. Mr. Swinburne has written a foolish sonnet, demanding that the Boers shall be treated as if they were mad dogs; but Mr. Swinburne is always in a needless frenzy about something or other. He should be left by judicious editors to cool his head in the waste-paper basket. Mr. Kipling, who is little more than half Mr. Swinburne's age, has a sense of responsibility which is much nearer to the national mood.

I wonder that our Continental chasteners have not noticed the check to British arrogance in the death of Mr. Pilcher. Mr. Pilcher was a daring inventor who came very near achieving the art of flying. He had constructed a machine which might have carried him safely in mid-air but for a flaw in wood or metal that brought him abruptly to earth and killed him. A student of his experiments tells us Mr. Pilcher had so far solved the problem of the flying-machine that he could float forty or sixty feet above ground with a line attached to a horse and cart. An independent motor was almost within his grasp when he met his untimely end. He has left drawings and an apparatus which ought to encourage further ambition. Who will take up the task of Mr. Pilcher? He failed just at the critical moment; but another audacious Briton may succeed, and then we shall have a fine burst of European odium against the nation which is not content with more than its fair share of land and sea, but seeks the empire of the air. In Mr. Wells's romance of the next century but one, this very power of the air endows a handful of men with the government of the world.

Are our foreign rivals alive to the possibilities of the legacy bequeathed by Mr. Pilcher? The Hague Conference deprecated the dropping of explosives from balloons; but as balloons are more dangerous to their occupants than to anybody on earth, nobody is likely to use them for carrying engines of war. A flying-machine on the Pilcher principle is another affair, and the Power which succeeds in perfecting a real conqueror of cloud-land will not hesitate to make its enemies uncomfortable. An ultimatum dropped from the skies would be far more impressive than the most vehement rhetoric by telegraph. Will the German mechanicians eclipse Pilcher? If they leave the power of the air to us, they cannot complain that the hateful British Empire did not give them fair warning.

A LOOK ROUND.

The meeting of Parliament, usually a gay occasion, when the only rumours of contests in the air are those for seats, and the army of occupation is one of silk hats, was on Tuesday an occasion of extreme gravity. Though no news of decisive operations in South Africa had reached London, everybody knew that the grapple between English and Dutch was imminent, and that for the first time for nearly fifty years Parliament had assembled to promote a war between white races. The Prince of Wales was on the cross benches in the House of Lords, and beside him sat the Duke of Cambridge, when the Queen's Speech was read. Lord Kimberley for the Opposition and Lord Salisbury for the Government agreed together that war was the necessary sequel to the Boer ultimatum. Lord Rosebery, who sat apart from his colleagues, playing with the tips of his fingers on the crown of his hat through Lord Loch's speech, slipped away from the gilded chamber when Lord Camperdown rose behind a bulwark of Blue-Books; so that the silence of the old leader has been broken by only one letter—the letter, needless to add, of a patriot in face of the foe. In the House of Commons Mr. Balfour and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, opponents by tradition, were allies for one afternoon, at any rate in their frowns upon the dissentient voters, who—mostly from Ireland—numbered fifty-four in the division-lobby.

After some half-dozen attempts to bring off a race of a conclusive character between the *Shamrock* and the *Columbia*, the contest was renewed on Monday with the greatest keenness. Even across the Atlantic the numerous disappointments made a difference, and comparatively few people witnessed the success of *Columbia*, which had practically a walk-over. Towards the finish the breeze served the *Shamrock* better than the defender, but the latter's advantage was too great to admit of defeat, and she eventually finished at 3 hours 54 min. 59 sec. against the 4 hours 6 min. 10 sec. of the challenger. The official times of the start were—*Shamrock*, 11 hours 1 min. 3 sec.; *Columbia*, 11 hours 1 min. 6 sec. At another race on Tuesday greater ill-luck befell the *Shamrock*, for she sustained an injury to her topmast, which left the triumphant *Columbia* to sail over the course alone.

The lull between the two October Meetings at Newmarket gives people pause to study the running of horses in the Cesarewitch and the probabilities of the Cambridge-shire. The winner of the first-named race is engaged in the latter, and the penalty entailed does not by any means put Jarvis's candidate out of court. The first favourite, however, is Oban, who is said to have come best out of a trial in the formidable Foxhill stable. If the report is true this horse must have a big chance, because Robinson is a trainer who seldom makes mistakes, and who, in addition, has horses capable of trying others. One of the greatest coups of modern times might have been brought off with Eridoune had not Scintillant's neck been in the way in the Cesarewitch. Prophets said he would win the Duke of York Stakes, the Cesarewitch, and the Cambridgeshire. He did win the first; he missed the second by a neck; but by good luck he may win the third next week, unless he should be hampered by the clinging of Irish Ivy.

"A comedy of romance" Captain Marshall calls his third play, "A Royal Family" (located, suitably enough, at the Court Theatre), and it marks a return to the old fantastic vein of "His Excellency." But, like all this resourceful author's work, the new piece, in part a satire on the human weaknesses of royalty, but more essentially a love-romance of high station, is more interesting for its promise than for its artistic achievement. There is but one convention for a fairy tale of royal lovers, here faithfully adopted—a princely suitor disguising his rank to win his lady's regard—and all the playwright's smart epigrams and dainty love-talk cannot hide the thinness of his amiable scheme. Indeed, but that Captain Marshall is re-emphasising the ever-grateful commonplace that majesty is human, his oft-told tale of a child princess falling in love with her State-intended husband might not have passed muster, even when eked out by a sham conspiracy and farcical police, and decked with keen repartee and pretty poetic conceits. But his quaint monarch in undress—played to perfection by Mr. Eric Lewis—and his deliciously naive princess, made very sympathetic but rather too sophisticated by charming Miss Gertrude Elliott—conquered all loyal hearts last week, and redeemed for its audience the play's weakness of structure. Mr. Paul Arthur, a pleasing if too self-conscious prince, and Mr. Dion Boucicault, a kindly and wise old Cardinal, also adorn the Court cast; and only Mrs. Calvert over-accentuates the author's crisp and refined dialogue.

A mere parody of human nature, betraying the most amazing ignorance of ordinary life and manners and motive, must be the verdict on Mr. Hall Caine's adaptation of his novel "The Christian," produced on Monday evening amid a puzzled and irritated Duke of York's audience. Its clergymen, its musical-hall entourage, its aristocratic libertines, are the sheerest caricatures, which the author can only have evolved from a very innocent and perverted imagination. A clerical hero who preaches a Second Advent gospel, hovers bewilderingly between monasticism and the love passion, and finally threatens his sweetheart with murder to save her soul, is sufficiently crazy to ruin the vraisemblance of any play. But the whole atmosphere is similarly stagey and preposterous, and "The Christian" proves too pitiable a thing for serious consideration. Of course, Mr. Hall Caine's intention is plain. He would contrast pagan and ascetic ideals, he would show the conflict of the artistic and the religious spirit; but he knows nothing of the modern world, whose warring elements he would indicate. In fact, but for one strenuous and, of course, theatrical scene in the third act, representing "The triumph of love," and the emotional intensity of Miss Millard, and, in a lesser degree, Mr. Herbert Waring, the new piece might have resulted in a terrible fiasco. Some earnest acting of Mr. Ben Webster, and Mr. Allan Aynesworth's apt assumption of the manner of an Adelphi villain, also deserve commendation.

THE BOER WAR—SITUATION REVIEWED.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

Wars, more particularly important wars, have an irritating habit of beginning in a manner altogether irregular and unexpected. In the present case, according to reasonable and even expert calculation, the Boers ought to have followed up their insane "ultimatum" by a simultaneous advance—(1) via Van Reenen's Pass on Ladysmith; (2) from Sand Spruit directly on Newcastle; and (3) from the neighbourhood of Vryheid, across the Buffalo River, on the British position between Glencoe and Dundee. Instead, we have, as the first act of war, the seizure by the Free State Boers of a British colonial railway company's train at Harrismith, followed by an insignificant and bloodless engagement on the western border district near Mafeking. Yet even with these trivial incidents the military drama now being played in South Africa opens by no means ineptly, and already both those early scenes are affording indications of brisk and significant development.

The first shot in the Second Boer War was fired on the evening of Oct. 12, at or from—it scarcely matters which—an armoured train, which was carrying two 7-pounder guns and some ammunition from Vryburg to Mafeking. At Kraaipan, some forty miles south of Mafeking, the Boers, having crossed the border, had torn up the rails, and, retiring, had placed guns to command the gap in the line. The armoured train, having on board Lieutenant Nesbitt and about a score of Colonial troops and refugees, was derailed in due course, and made an artillery target by the Boers. Lieutenant Nesbitt's little party responded bravely, but continued resistance was, of course, hopeless, and ultimately the Boers rode in and captured the men and ammunition, the engine-driver alone contriving to escape into the veldt.

Separately considered, this engagement is of trifling importance. But it was significant as marking the isolation of British Bechuanaland and Rhodesia, and has naturally led to an access of interest in the safety of Mafeking, which was known to be threatened by a large commando led by the Cronje who so treacherously procured the surrender of Potchefstroom in 1881. Persistent reports have been received of attacks and repulses in this quarter, but until communication can be satisfactorily re-established, such "news" must be treated with great caution. At the time of writing it seems certain that more fighting has taken place round Mafeking than anywhere else, and as no Boer pæan has been sounded, it is reasonable to suppose that Colonel Baden-Powell is holding his own. In this connection, pictures which appear in this number illustrating transport difficulties near Mafeking and practice with light guns in Rhodesia have a special interest.

Kimberley, the defences of which are shown in another picture, has also been isolated by the Boers, who are credited with a lively appreciation of the fact that Mr. Rhodes is a member of the garrison. But the City of Diamonds is apparently very well able to take care of itself, and has already, to some extent, punished the Free State commando which has cut its communications with the south by sending out an armoured train to Spytfontein and causing the sudden death of several Boer artillerymen.

In Natal the situation is of a very complex character, but as yet there have been no strongly marked developments. From the north there has been an advance of Transvaal Boers upon Newcastle, and threatening movements have been made from the direction of Utrecht and Vryheid on the east. On the west the passes of the Drakensberg have been crowded with men and wagons, but no comprehensive attempt has been made to leave these safe retreats, and any idea of junction with the Transvaal Boers in an attack upon Ladysmith appears to have entirely evaporated. On the morning of Oct. 13 a very considerable body of Free State Boers was reported to have issued from the Tintwa Pass, and Sir George White moved out of Ladysmith with a strong reconnoitring force, with which, had occasion offered, he would doubtless have dealt the invaders a severe blow. But having violated the frontier, the Boers prudently withdrew, and the British force returned to Ladysmith, bereft of the chance of winning the "Great Victory" with which it was somewhat prematurely credited.

Nearly the whole of the second reinforcement of the British garrison in South Africa has now been carried out, but there are still three batteries, the 1st Border Regiment, and the 2nd Rifle Brigade due to arrive before the end of the month at the now well-known port of Natal, a panoramic view of which appears on another page.

The attitude of the native populations in South Africa has been watched with some anxiety. Predictions have not been wanting that the British forces, once war broke out, would have to face other foes than the Boers; and whites, in hopeless minorities in some districts, were told to tremble at the prospect of what might befall them once the blacks knew that hostilities had begun. Events have happily proved that such fears were wholly without foundation. Indeed, we have to hail an active ally instead of a foe when Lekuku, Khama's fighting General, offers to enroll himself under our flag.

Meanwhile, at home the mobilisation of Sir Redvers Buller's Field Force, consisting of an army corps and a cavalry division, and line of communication troops, has been successfully carried out, and orders have been issued for the immediate embarkation of an infantry division and a cavalry brigade. An enormous number of transports have been taken up, the aggregate tonnage being nearly 350,000. Sir Redvers Buller himself, with a number of his staff, left for the Cape last Saturday in the *Dunottar Castle*, amid scenes of great enthusiasm, and by Tuesday next nearly 20,000 men and 10,000 horses will be following in his wake.

It is confidently expected that the response of the Reservists to the Royal Proclamation calling upon them to rejoin the colours will be even more satisfactory than it was in 1878 and 1882. In any case the excellence of the arrangements made for their reception at the various centres has been very noticeable, and a pleasant feature has been the generosity of employers in promising to keep Reservists' places open for them and to assist in the maintenance of their families during their absence.

BOOKS TO READ.

LONDON: Oct. 17, 1899.

Two fat red volumes about John Donne! That, my dear Juliana, is my first recommendation for this week. Brilliant, enigmatic, pious John Donne, life-lover, poet, divine, who was styled by Ben Jonson "first poet of the world in some things," and who died Dean of St. Paul's on the last day of March 1631, how little he guessed of the posthumous fame that was in store for him! Donne was one of those attractive creatures, one of those full, rich, mercurial natures to whom the best minds delight to make obeisance. Dryden considered him "the greatest wit, though not the best poet of our nation." Robert Browning praised his poems so constantly that Miss Barrett noticed it. "Your Donne," she says on several occasions. But it is chiefly owing to Izaak Walton, fisherman, and one of the greatest masters of English prose, that John Donne is a household word with those who follow the ancient advice—"when a new book is published read an old one." He forms one of Walton's "Lives," but Izaak, although a great writer, was not a great biographer. To be a great biographer you must give the whole picture of the man, his follies and failures as well as his successes. Donne had many sides. His piety, like the Moonlight Blossom, took long in flowering, and behind it surged his hot, hasty youth: he was middle-aged before he took holy orders, and became Walton's idol. His early life Walton ignored. It was Donne the saintly man, Donne the preacher, that attracted the pious fisherman. Hence, to know the real Donne you must batten on Mr. Edmund Gosse's scholarly and attractive volumes (Heinemann). This is the largest, and unless other documents are brought to light, the definitive biography. Let me show the subtlety, the quaintness of his mind by a few extracts. Late in life he fell seriously ill, yet his cerebral activity was such that he must sit up in bed and feverishly scribble his reflections. He feels that his fever—

doth not melt him like snow, but pours him out like lead-like iron, like brass, melted in a furnace. It doth not only melt him, but calms him, reducing him to atoms and to ashes, not to water, but to lime. And how quickly!

He watches his doctor and analyses him thus—

I observe the physician with the same dilgence as he the disease; I see he fears, and I fear with him; I overtake him, I overrun him in his fear, because he makes his pace slow; I fear the more, because he disguises his fear, and I see it with the more sharpness because he would not have me see it. . . . I fear not the hastening of my death, and yet I do fear the increase of the disease.

But, as Mr. Gosse says, it was the manner of Donne's death that set the pinnacle on the edifice of his mysterious celebrity. His monument, which stands in St. Paul's Cathedral, is due to himself—a death-bed whim. Izaak Walton has preserved the account. In that supreme moment he sent for a carver to make him, in wood, the figure of an urn. Then he called "a choice painter," and taking his winding sheet into his hand, he went into his study—

Having put off all his clothes, he had this sheet put about him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed as dead bodies are usually fitted, to be shrouded and put into their coffin or grave. Upon this urn he stood, with his eyes shut, and with so much of the sheet turned aside as might show his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned towards the East, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour Jesus.

In this posture he was pictured. The design stood by his bedside till his death, and was afterwards carved in one entire piece of white marble. And, strange to add, this was the only monument in old St. Paul's that escaped intact in the Great Fire of London. Such was John Donne.

How well men write who have been to sea! They imprison in their sentences memories of the bigness and the mystery of the ocean. They have the steersman's keen vision, and their style is pungent with the Bible and Milton, the best schools for the young writer. I am thinking especially of Mr. Conrad, who has just begun a new story in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and Mr. F. T. Bullen, who has just published "The Log of a Sea Wolf" (Smith, Elder). Mr. Bullen is a protégé of the *Spectator's* (the *Spectator* loves a protégé), and is the author of that fine epic of whaling, "The Cruise of the Cachalot." His new volume, "The Log of a Sea Wolf," is an account—simple, straightforward, unadorned—of life at sea. The book has no artifice. It is good because it is just himself, the utterance of a simple soul that loves nature and all seemingly things, and has the power to express what it feels. Mr. Bullen was fifteen years at sea; this book takes account of the first four—"just the naked, unadorned truth about an ordinary boy's ordinary life at sea."

I love a contrast, so having done with Mr. Bullen, I trip off to Mr. Maurice Hewlett and his "Little Novels of Italy" (Chapman and Hall). Here is the cream of mediæval romance whipped up into sunshine; here is a world which is all love and gallantry—and revenge. The tales are entirely Italian of some centuries ago; they point no moral; they just bustle brilliantly along with their dukes and pages and beautiful women; and they are written in a perfected preciousness of style, with a wit, and a flick, and a choice of words that are quite worthy of the author of "The Forest Lovers" in a summer mood; but, mind you, a summer mood for Mr. Hewlett has a strength that is not shown here.

Then to Miss Wilkins. "The Jamesons" (Dent) is not her best, but in its sweet New England way it is very well done. It is just the story of a masterful woman, Mrs. H. Boardman-Jameson, who impinged on a New England village and, after some tribulation, triumphed. Miss Wilkins describes the speech of one of her characters as being like a trickle of honey off the face of a rock. That simile, I think, just suits the quality of Miss Wilkins's delightful humour. It makes no noise, and it is what humour should be: the honey trickling off the rock—not the rock itself.

Mr. Thomas Cobb soars to no heights and sounds no depths—but his slight characters live. "Mr. Passingham" (Lane) may be read at a sitting. It is a small canvas, delicately wrought, pathetic here, dramatic there, and distinctly readable.

QUILL.

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CLOSES OCT. 28. British South Africa.

CLOSES OCT. 28. International Mining Court.

CLOSES OCT. 28. Ore-Crushing Mills.

CLOSES OCT. 28. Grenadier Guards' Band.

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THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

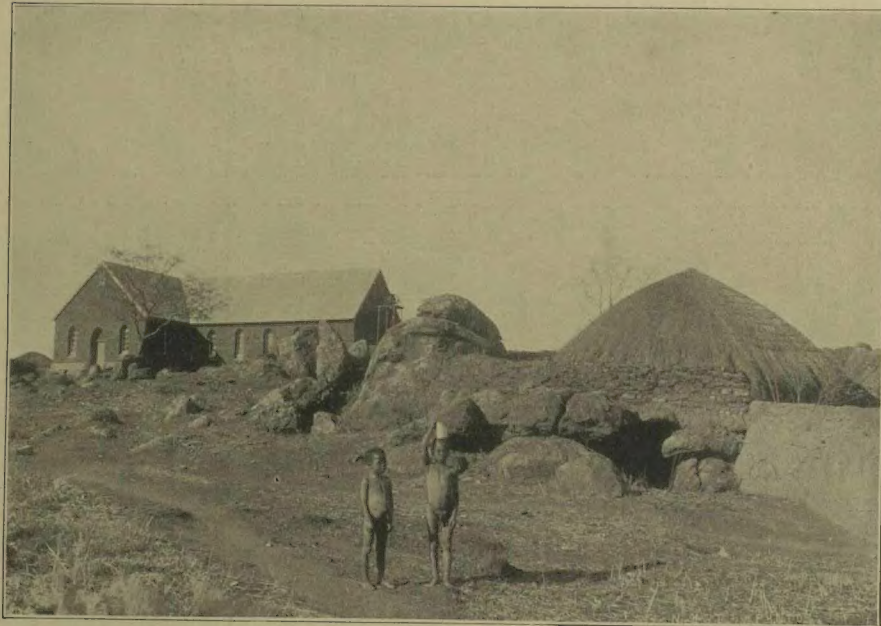


VEREENIGING, THE FIRST STATION IN THE TRANSVAAL FROM CAPE TOWN: TRAIN WAITING FOR CUSTOMS OFFICERS.



PARADE OUTSIDE MAFEKING.

Photo. supplied by Miss Struthers.



NATIVE CHURCH, MAFEKING.

Photo. supplied by Barnaby.



MARKET STREET, SOUTH PRETORIA.

Photo. supplied by Miss Struthers.



THE DEFENDER OF MAFEEKING: COLONEL BADEN-POWELL, IN THE UNIFORM OF THE SPECIAL CORPS HE HAS RAISED IN BRITISH BECHUANALAND.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OFF TO THE WAR: DEPARTURE OF GENERAL SIR R. BULLER.

The popularity of General Sir Redvers Buller, and also, no doubt, the popularity of the war, were well attested by the enthusiasm which marked the departure of that gallant officer to take up his command in South Africa. Crowds lined the approaches to Waterloo Station on Saturday afternoon; and inside, despite all efforts to keep the platform free, a large and demonstrative gathering of notables assembled. The special train was of five cars, in one of which, lined with yellow silk, the General took his place, accompanied by Lady Audrey Buller and her two daughters, who bade their last good-byes at Southampton. There was a disappointment for those spectators who expected to see a military pageant; for the General, in his "bowler" and blue overcoat, would have passed muster at a meeting of county farmers. The crowd had its compensation, however, when the Prince of Wales drove past, followed or preceded by the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Wolseley, Sir Evelyn Wood, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Methuen, the Duke of Abercorn, the Marquis of Granby, Lord Rowton, Lord Amphil, and many other representative and distinguished personages. "Good-bye, good-bye; wish you jolly good luck!" was the Prince's parting salutation as the train moved off. Then the square head of the departing General emerged from the window, to be hailed by a waving of hats, the Prince leading, and by salvoes of cheers and the singing of the now inevitable but never superfluous, "Rule, Britannia!"

MILITARY MEMORIALS IN YORK MINSTER.

On Friday, Oct. 13, York Minster opened wide its portals to receive three pairs of colours which the old 51st Light Infantry (2nd Yorkshire West Riding Regiment), now 1st Battalion King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, have borne to all the ends of the world since the year 1814. In "the glorious glooms" of the Minster of the North these flags, or all that is left of them, rest at last, and with all appropriateness, in one of those temples of religion that inspired and consecrated so much of the devotion to duty of which they are the emblems. Simultaneously with the reception of the colours, two monumental brasses were unveiled in memory of the officers and men of the regiment who lost their lives in service. Two of these officers, Lieutenant-Colonel H. S. Symons

GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

We give an interesting photograph of the Gordon Highlanders being drawn up alongside the Prince's Dock, Bombay, prior to their departure for South Africa. The



Photo. Erdmann, Johannesburg.
PRESIDENT KRUGER'S GREAT-GRANDSON, FRITZ ELOFF,
AGED FOUR. "THE LITTLE LIEUTENANT."

men, it will be noticed, are in their shirt-sleeves, a detail which would seem to indicate that already they are spoiling for a fight. The Gordons will meet in Natal their old friends of Egmout-op-Zee and the Peninsular War,

both regiments appeared to be in the pink of condition, and very eager to get to the front—an ambition which the transport authorities, working with wonderful diligence and success, appeared both able and willing to gratify.

PRESIDENT KRUGER'S GREAT-GRANDSON.

Although war is raging with the Transvaal, few Britishers, we suspect, will entertain any but the kindest feelings for the Boer warrior, "Lieutenant" Fritz Eloff, whose photograph we reproduce this week. Fritz, who is four years of age, is the son of Captain Sarel Eloff, of Fort Johannesburg, and great-grandson of President Kruger. He is passionately fond of horses and guns, and is known generally in the fort as "the little lieutenant." There is something very appealing to Britishers in the sight of a sturdy little fellow masquerading as a soldier, and so, in spite of his martial attire, Fritz inspires nothing but goodwill.

THE LATE ADMIRAL COLOMB.

The many friends of Admiral Colomb were shocked to hear of his sudden death on Friday, Oct. 13. The elder brother of the deceased officer is the well-known Sir John Colomb, formerly a Captain in the Royal Marine Artillery, and now M.P. for Great Yarmouth. Philip Howard Colomb, the late Admiral, was the third son of General G. T. Colomb, and he entered the Navy in 1846. He had a most active and varied career in all parts of the world until 1887, when he became a Rear-Admiral on the retired list, attaining the rank of Vice-Admiral in 1892. He was a pioneer in flashlights, and a voluminous writer on naval topics.

DEWEY CELEBRATIONS.

Although Admiral Dewey's fight in the harbour of Manila by no means ranks among the decisive battles of the world, he has received a triumphal welcome on his return to New York such as has never been accorded to any other human being. Two of our great Empire makers and defenders, Wolfe and Nelson, died in the moment of victory, and were brought home with "weeping and glad tears"; but even our successful returning Generals step quietly ashore at Dover or Southampton and come tritely on to London by train. Triumphant Romans, again, in spite of their magnificent pageants, had to enter the city slowly owing to difficulty of locomotion on land; a million eyes could not be bent on them at once; there was no broad and majestic



Photo. Windsor and Grove.
GENERAL SIR GEORGE WHITE, COMMANDING AT LADYSMITH.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE ADMIRAL COLOMB.

and Captain W. H. M. Burke, who both died from the effects of falls from their horses, one in Poona and the other in Belfast, are commemorated apart. The other memorial is to the memory of three officers, one sergeant, two corporals, and twenty-four privates of the 2nd Battalion, who fell in the action at Chin Kamar against the Afidis in the January of last year.

the Manchester Regiment to wit. The Manchesters arrived at Cape Town from Gibraltar on board the Union steam-ship *Goth*, and having remained there for only two days, left on Sept. 16 for Natal. The very day they left Table Bay the *Arundel Castle* came in with the Royal Munster Fusiliers on board, the latter regiment numbering close upon a thousand of all ranks. The men belonging to

thoroughfare along which they could swiftly sweep, the observed of all observers. But New York is one of the greatest cities in the world, and has one of the finest of waterways. And to "welcome Dewey" the great city and the great harbour were decorated with a splendour rarely before seen even in a country where everything is on a scale that is grandiose.

PERSONAL.

The Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons has elected as its President Mr. J. Fraser, whose pre-eminence in his profession is thus sufficiently indicated. By experts in his profession Mr. Fraser is considered one of the ablest living exponents of his useful science, and his knowledge of horses in particular is said to be unrivalled. His advance in his profession has been remarkably rapid, and all who know him will agree that he fully and entirely deserves the great honour that has just been conferred on him by the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, a serviceable institution of which London may well be proud.

One of the defenders of Mafeking is the well-known Yorkshire county cricketer Mr. Frank Milligan, the son of Colonel Milligan, of Cauldwell House, Burton-on-Trent. Mr. Milligan went to the Cape to play, and he remained to work; for when Lord Hawke's team was ready to return he lingered behind, anticipating the trouble that has come; and the latest news of him is that he has joined the force of Colonel Baden-Powell.

The number of freshmen who have just come into residence at Oxford is 758, an increase of forty-four over the figures of last year. The influx is greatest of all at New College; but Keble is close behind, and Christ Church nimbly follows; while the actual increase of this year's entrants over last year's is largest at Merton.

Lord Farrer, whose serious illness was of some duration, died on Wednesday, Oct. 11, at his residence, Abinger Hall, near Dorking. The routine of a Government Department absorbed the abilities of Thomas Henry Farrer during the early part of his career, but his light was too conspicuous to be hidden for ever under the official bushel. Born in 1819, he was educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford, where, by the way, he was the contemporary and friend of the late Mr. Walter and of Sir George Daseut,

to whose columns he was to be a future frequent contributor, despite the wide divergence between many of his political opinions and those of the *Times*. He was called to the Bar; but, instead of practising, he accepted the post of Assistant-Secretary to the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, succeeding to the Permanent Secretaryship, and holding it for forty years. Public recognitions came to him. He became Deputy Chairman of the London County Council. He was made a Baronet in 1883, and in 1893 was raised to the Peerage as Baron Farrer of Abinger. He was twice married; and is succeeded in the Peerage by his son, the Hon. Thomas Cecil Farrer.

The death is announced of Mr. John Donaldson, the well-known partner of Mr. Thornycroft in torpedo-boat construction. Mr. Donaldson, who had long been ill, and was only in his fifty-eighth year at the time of his death, was born in Elgin, adding one more to the long list of Scottish names upon the roll of illustrious engineers. His father and grandfather bore familiar names as the owners of nearly all the mail-coaches of that day in the North of Scotland. Mr. John Donaldson was a lover of the country of his adoption, and particularly of the Thames, close to the banks of which he has his grave at Pangbourne.

The French Minister of Public Instruction has taken a step which may with advantage be imitated in this country by local authorities or private enterprise. He

has requested, by circular, the Education Inspectors in each department to forward to him lists of the best-maintained schools in their respective districts. To these, through the agency of the Ministry of Fine Arts (it is the State which does everything), the Minister of Public Instruction proposes to send coloured pictures illustrating French landscape; the scenes of historical events for choice, and the principal monuments representing national art. The idea is to give at an early age to the provincial child, who, except for his military training, may never leave his native place, an idea of the France that lies beyond him and around him, and at the same time to arouse that artistic spirit which must underlie so many Frenchmen, when we recollect that for six hundred years their artists and craftsmen have been pioneers of good taste and of bold inventiveness.

Political divisions in families that are the best of friends receive yet another illustration in the case of the Palmers of Reading. In 1898 Mr. George William Palmer was returned to Parliament in the Liberal interest; and now his cousin and partner, Mr. Walter Palmer, is about to be introduced to the Conservatives of Salisbury as their candidate at the next General Election.

The Medical Department of an army is one to which many eyes must needs turn with anxiety in war-time. So far as can be seen, excellent arrangements have been made to meet all possible requirements in South Africa, on the principle that while hoping for the best one prepares for the worst. The medical and nursing staff is a particularly strong one, and it includes Surgeon-General T. D. Wilson, fitted by many experiences for his responsible post. Happily, the climate at the seat of war is of the best; so that the wounded have a chance of recovery without those complications of fever that are often more disastrous than the cannon of the enemy, or those visitations of cholera that filled the Crimean ground with the graves of British soldiers.

Lady Sarah Wilson, the pretty young aunt of the Duke of Marlborough, who happens to be just now in Africa with her husband, has always been exceedingly interested in nursing, and it is rumoured that she hopes to be able to go to the front to take charge of one of the wards in the temporary military hospital.

Sir Francis Jeune has prepared for labours that are never very light or exhilarating in the Divorce Court by a fortnight's motor-car tour in the West of England, accompanied by his wife. Coventry, Birmingham, Bristol, Hereford, and Bath were among the places visited; and the return to Newbury was signalled by a lecture delivered by Dr. Conan Doyle, a guest at Arlington Manor.

The name of Miss Felicia Mary Frances Skene, whose death at Oxford we announced last week, revives memories of her long career of philanthropy. In 1854, when Oxford was visited with cholera, she organised a body of nurses; and these, a little later, she supplied to Miss Nightingale for her urgent needs in the hospitals of the Crimea. Since 1878 she had made almost weekly visits to the women in prison at Oxford, so that it was said by the governor in 1886 that "no woman has ever left these gates friendless." Born in 1821 at Aix in Provence, she moved with her family in 1838 to Greece, where her father, a friend of Sir Walter Scott, built a villa near Athens. In 1844 the family returned to England, and then her father died in 1864 at Frewen Hall, Oxford, at one time the residence of the Prince of Wales. Miss Skene, who was both an excellent linguist and an excellent horsewoman, wrote some "Wayfaring Sketches," and also several works of fiction. A memoir of her cousin, Bishop Forbes of Brechin, and numerous books of devotion, testified to her interest in the affairs of the Church, with the episcopate of which she was further associated by the marriage of her niece with Archbishop Thomson of York.

The Lord Chief Justice of England, who has lately been a stranger in his own Court, on Tuesday visited Fleet Street for the first time since the sittings of the Venezuela Arbitration in Paris. Lord Russell of Killowen, whose long vacation has been a good deal infringed upon, will go into harness again when the Courts open next week. The adjourned session of Parliament next year will be partly occupied with his Secret Commissions Bill; and, meanwhile, a good deal of time

will be occupied in the further preparation of his "brief" in favour of that drastic measure.

A telegram from Maseru brings tidings, particularly untimely at this moment of conflict, of the death of the Right Rev. John Wale Hicks, Bishop of Bloemfontein. Born in 1840, his first bend was towards natural science, and he took prizes and honours, and a gold medal in chemistry, animal and vegetable physiology, anatomy, botany, and geology, at London University, which accorded him his B.Sc. degree in 1862. He took his M.B. degree with a first-class and gold medal in obstetric medicine, and was soon able to add to his qualifications the letters M.D. and M.R.C.P. At Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, a similar career as degree-taker awaited him. In brief, he took everything, being a Senior Optime in the Mathematical and head of the Natural Science Tripos, and taking a second class in the Theological Tripos. He became a demonstrator of chemistry in the University, and Fellow of Sidney. Then, of a sudden, he was to be found in holy orders at the curacy of "Little St. Marie's Church near to Peterhouse," Cambridge. After sixteen years as curate he succeeded to the living, at the stipend of £80 a year. Then came the call to Bloemfontein. The area was twice as great as that of all England and Wales; but the energies of the new Bishop, and his zeal in spreading abroad the principles of advanced Churchmanship, were equal to the task he took in hand with a vigorous grasp that has relaxed only with his death.

Mr. George Lynch, who has gone out to Africa to work in company with Mr. Melton Prior for *The Illustrated London News* and the *Morning Herald*, is a dashing young Irishman who was formerly interested in Westralian mining adventures. He was persuaded into journalism by his friend the late Mr. Harold Frederic, and has since worked with Mr. Stephen Crane in Cuba and elsewhere. His feeling about warfare is that of his friend and fellow-countryman who said: "What's men got blood for but to spill it anyway?" When he is asked about his outfit as a war-correspondent, he retorts with the question of another fellow-countryman: "What good's a portmanteau to a civilised man who never takes his clothes off?" Obviously, that is the right spirit for a war-correspondent, and Mr. Lynch is expected in this campaign to enhance the reputation he gained in Cuba.

We are requested by Messrs. Lemerrier and Co., official contractors to the French Government and Exhibition Board, to announce that Mr. C. Wilkes, 29, Ludgate Hill, is the sole British agent for advertisements in the General Official Catalogue of the International Universal Exhibition of 1900.

Deeply regretted by his colleagues at Westminster Abbey, who had learned to rely on his judgment and experience, is the Rev. Dr. John Troutbeck, whose death took place at his house in Dean's Yard, after a very brief illness. Born in 1832 at Blencow, in Cumberland, he was educated at Rugby and University College, Oxford; he became Vicar of Dacre, near Ullswater, in 1859, Minor Canon of Manchester in 1864, and Precentor in the following year. Bringing his Lancashire energy to London, he became Minor Canon and Precentor at Westminster Abbey. He acted as secretary to the New Testament Revision Committee; he edited many musical works, as well as the "Westminster Abbey Hymn-Book," and he was a Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen.

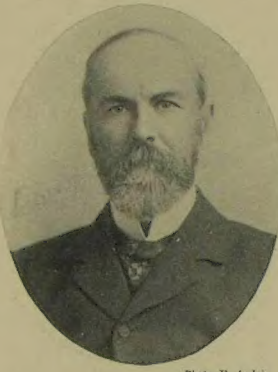


Photo. H. Andrieu.
MR. J. FRASER.



Photo. Russell.
THE LATE BISHOP OF BLOEMFONTEIN.



Photo. Heath, Plymouth.
SURGEON-GENERAL T. D. WILSON,
Chief Medical Officer in South Africa.

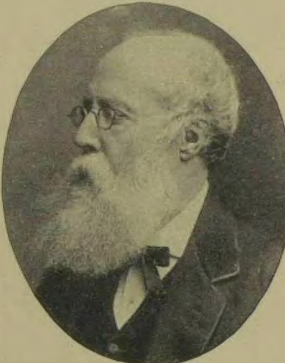


Photo. Russell.
THE LATE LORD FARRER.



Photo. Guy, Cork.
MR. GEORGE LYNCH.



Photo. Dancy, Harrogate.
THE LATE MISS F. M. F. SKENE.



Photo. Blanchard.
THE LATE MR. J. DONALDSON.



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THE LATE REV. DR. J. TROUTBECK.

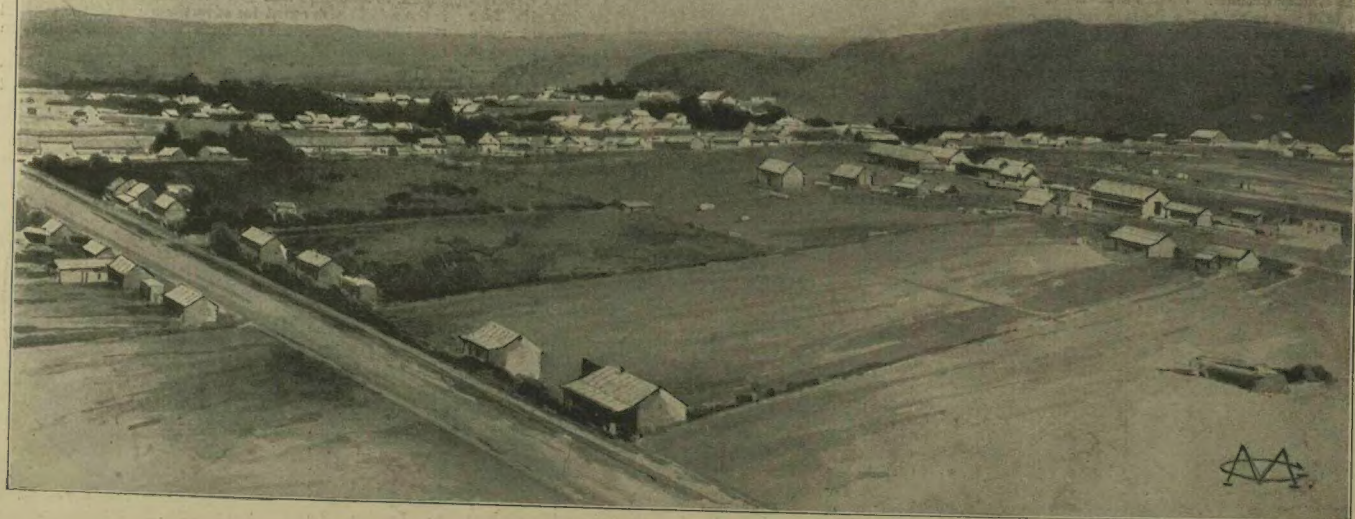


THE ROYAL EAST KENT YEOMANRY, WHO VOLUNTEERED FOR THE CAPE.

Photo Elliott and Fry.

MAIN STREET, NEWCASTLE, NATAL.

Photo Mr. A. U. McKea.



THE TRANSVAAL WAR; A GENERAL VIEW OF LADYSMITH, OUR MOST ADVANCED POSITION IN NATAL.



Stern Duty

BY
G MONTBARD.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER II.

The Prussians had been occupying the hamlet a fortnight. The force comprised a detachment of dragoons, with its Lieutenant, and a company of infantry also under his orders. The soldiers lodged with the inhabitants. Their chief resided at the house of Captain Baudoin.

The men preserved strict discipline, and apart from the outlay occasioned by their keep, the inhabitants had no cause for complaint.

The mission the Lieutenant had been charged with was to scour the country in every direction, and at any cost to endeavour to lay hands on a mysterious and unapproachable franc-tireur—for they were convinced he prepared and executed his repeated audacious blows alone—who for three months had constantly harassed isolated Prussian detachments and weakly escorted convoys, inflicting on them considerable loss. Once captured he was to be shot there and then, without trial.

These sanguinary surprises, invariably crowned with success, and always occurring unexpectedly, aggravated the chiefs, demoralised the escorts, and interrupted the line of communications.

It was necessary to put an end to such an abnormal state of things at once; to pursue, without rest or truce, the author of these continual alarms, of these deaths increasing daily in a disquietful manner, until this redoubtable enemy, whose unerring aim made a victim each time he fired, was captured.

This particular village had been made a base of operations because the Prussians had observed that the attacks always occurred in its vicinity, within a circle of five or six miles, and never, or very rarely, beyond. On the other hand, according to the reports of spies placed on the track of this implacable sharpshooter, there was every reason to believe that he inhabited the hamlet or one of the farms in the neighbourhood. What seemed to confirm this view was that since the arrival of troops in the place the deadly surprises had abruptly ceased, and the convoys had gone backward and forward in all tranquillity.

Either the man had quitted the canton for good, or he had been killed or wounded, or else he was hiding in the forest or in some farmhouse, perhaps even in the hamlet.

They had scoured the woods in every direction, searched the farmhouses and habitations of the village in vain; they had found nothing, not even an indication that might put them on the track of the invisible enemy. The peasants interrogated had preserved obstinate silence, or had led those who questioned them into error, by false indications. The Prussians despaired of ever being able to lay hands on this terrible man-hunter.

But, since the occupation of the place, acts of aggression having all of a sudden ceased, they had left the detachment where it was, as its presence seemed to have put an end to the sinister exploits of this dangerous woodranger.

A single house had remained unsearched. It was the one where the Lieutenant lived. Out of courtesy he had abstained from making an investigation, which he considered would be an insult on his part, in a residence where he was receiving hospitality; and, by excess of discretion, he had addressed no question on the subject to his hostess. Nor had the idea ever entered his head that the man whom he sought so actively could be sheltered beneath the same roof as himself; nothing made him suspect his presence. So he had refrained from taking a measure which he looked upon as useless and only vexations.

The intercourse between the Prussian commander and Marthe was perfectly courteous on the side of the young man, and coldly polite and reserved on that of the young girl.

Marianne, who detested the Prussians, could not help experiencing a sort of relaxation in her hatred, in presence of this tall, slim officer of proud demeanour, with his dark, grey eyes looking her straight in the face, his brown moustache twirled upward, his pale and rather sad countenance, who showed so much regard for her mistress, was so polite and so easily satisfied when she served him

in the dining-room, where he only took his meals. And then he spoke such pure French that one might have thought he had been born in France. He bore a French name, too, the name of a nobleman, and without being aware of it, she suffered the ascendancy of this aristocratic nature, calm, well balanced, a trifle haughty, and she

begun to regard with a sort of involuntary respect this tall, handsome young man, cold, circumspect, perfectly at ease and exquisitely urbane.

Calvinist, of French origin, the Lieutenant was named Karl de Précy. He was from Friedrichsdorf.

His family, with several others, at the time of the



G. MONTBARD.

He held her on his arm.

Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, had quitted France to seek refuge on the territory of Hesse-Hombourg. The Landgrave had distributed land among these voluntary exiles, who had then founded the village Friedrichsdorf, where for ten years they were exempted from taxation, and afterwards enjoyed numerous immunities. For two centuries they married among themselves. Barely fifty years before 1870, they would have thought it derogatory to espouse men or women of German race. Since then they had allied themselves with the people among whom they lived, and had so become German in heart, while preciously preserving the French language—that of the fine days of Louis XIV.—along with the rigid form of Protestantism peculiar to France.

Karl de Précy was thoroughly German, notwithstanding that his appearance, his manners, his language, completely recalled his land of origin.

He had not wished for this war, and when it was declared, all the French blood remaining in him had risen at the idea of fighting those to whom he had formerly belonged. But this distant call of the past was speedily stifled by the irresistible force of events. In the imperious flow of the greater apportionment of German blood, coupled with other habits and different surroundings, the last bonds with the ancient country had been severed for ever. The old heaven, too, of bitter religious rancour had remained, and had risen at the remembrance of persecutions endured in former times. Then in presence of the hospitality received, of the common belief, he had stripped himself of what still remained of the former man, and his whole heart had gone to his new home.

He had set out, without hatred it is true, against the country of his ancestors, but with the firm resolve to serve loyally and fully, without any afterthought, his land of adoption—to die, if necessary, for the fatherland.

Brought up in the austere principles of the Calvinist faith, he placed his duty above every other consideration, and however hard its performance might have been, he would have done it without hesitation. He brought to his calling of soldier the same severe discipline as he imposed on himself in all his acts, and nothing in the world would have made him deviate from the inflexible line of conduct he had traced out for himself.

He had been struck by Marthe's beauty, by her tranquil reserve due to the circumstances, and by the delicate tact she displayed on the rare occasions when they found themselves together. When her deep blue eyes, shaded with long silken lashes, encountered his, a sensation of happiness, of infinite quietude, stirred his being most deliciously. It seemed to him that in the subtle flame of her look, something of herself penetrated him, awakening the old atavistic forces latent in the depths of his nature. Vague visions of a lost country flitted before him, reuniting for an instant the slight threads connecting him with the past, and by the remembrances thus evoked, emotion of inexpressible sweetness enthralled him as in a caress, momentarily appeasing the bitter exigence of his conscience.

Then, when, after a frigid inclination, she retired indifferent, erect and supple in the fresh splendour of her youthful years, her head crowned with the brownish gold of her blonde hair, leaving behind her the perfume of her being, a great shadow fell upon him, the fugitive impression that had enraptured him previously became suddenly effaced, and he was overcome with indefinable sadness. Then, to shake off the sombre melancholy which all at once took possession of him, he went out; and when his men—those heavy children of the fields, robust and courageous, rough in manner, who on a sign from him would have exposed themselves to be hacked to bits—halted, rivetted to the ground, and, stiff and awkward, saluted him, his trouble lessened.

The passive obedience, the absolute devotion of these humble creatures, was a mute example of what was due from him to his chiefs, and by them to the supreme power, and higher on to the nation. He had the sharp and lucid notion of the multifarious responsibilities incurred by all, from the lowest to the loftiest, bound one to another in an indissoluble fascia which, under penalty of *lèse-nation*, none could attempt to break. His blood then coursed more swiftly in his veins, the fascinating visions fled before the idea of the great German Fatherland which all at once surged before him, with its implacable spirit of discipline and imposing pageant of abnegation, duty, and renouncements of all sorts. And regaining complete possession of himself, he abruptly repelled his feelings, stiffening himself against the tender thoughts that mollify the spirit; and haughty, harsh in expression, priding himself on being one in the conquering army, he gave his orders with the steadfast conviction that in serving Germany he accomplished his duty, and that nothing could ever turn him aside from it.

Still, if the ideas of country and duty had always come out clear and beyond discussion from the trial, if his nature, vigorously tempered, had remained firm and serene, his heart had faltered. He was in love! He could no longer feign to ignore it, and he loved a daughter of France: he, a German, who trampled under foot, as conqueror, French soil. And in presence of the glacial indifference he perceived in her whom he adored with all the strength of his being, profound discouragement overwhelmed him,

for he felt that she had entered into his life never to leave it.

From the first day that Marthe had found herself face to face with him, she had experienced at the same moment great terror, and a violent feeling of repulsion. This was the enemy, the chief of those who pursued her father, and who, if he had him in his grip, would have shot him without mercy. Then at the sight of the abhorred uniform, without even looking at the officer's face, she had shuddered, and had had but one object—to get away as speedily as possible.

Nevertheless, his measured and respectful politeness, his discreet manners, his extreme distinction, the facility with which he expressed himself in her own language, his name, de Précy, indicating French origin—all these things united had afterwards attenuated in a measure the painful impression of the commencement.

Later on, without perceiving it, she also had suffered the effects of the charm that emanated from the Lieutenant's personality. She had been thankful to him for acting as though he sought to obtain pardon for his presence beneath her roof, showing equable temperament in all things, perfect tact, striving by his regard and respectful deference to make her forget that she was receiving an enemy, instead of seeking to obtrude himself as did so many others, and amongst them some of the highest in grade of his nation.

This eminently correct behaviour on the Lieutenant's part, which formed such a striking contrast to the brutal habits of his fellow-countrymen, his irreproachable manners, beneath which she felt there existed an extreme and compassionate goodwill towards herself, accompanied by an ardent desire to spare her the least inconvenience and to calm her anxiety, had thrown trouble into her mind, leaving her very much perplexed as to the nature of her own sentiments. Her repugnance for his person had disappeared, but without anything as yet attracting her towards him.

Her feminine curiosity also was awakened, and unconsciously, little by little, she began to study this man of patrician demeanour, of calm, cold, imperious appearance, and absolutely master of himself. She did not fail to observe that he was tall in stature, with broad shoulders, that he had dry, nery hands, rather long, the hands of a descendant of ancestors wielders of the sword. She noted that his feet, encased in high boots of soft brown leather, were narrow and arched, that his elegant and noble gait accorded marvellously with his innate ease of manner. Beneath the tranquil mask, impressed with dreamy gentleness of this man with the mighty forehead, the aquiline nose; in the bluish sparkle of his grey eyes, in the firm lines of his mouth, her womanly instinct detected the inflexible will that lay concealed, and she was seized with vague apprehension mingled with a sort of admiration. She felt that he possessed a nature similar to her own, upright and energetic, opposed to all compromise, that he would never traffic with his conscience—a nature that might be broken, but could not be bent.

An event, quite recent, indeed, had given her a clear insight into his character. One of the dragoons in his corps had struck an inhabitant of the village with the flat of his sabre without any provocation whatsoever. The Lieutenant, passing by at the moment, had ordered the man to sheath his weapon at once. The dragoon, refusing to obey, and having answered insolently, the officer had drawn his revolver and calmly blown out the man's brains.

Since then she had never found herself with de Précy without a rapid beating of the heart, and an invincible fear took possession of her, for she had the conviction that if her father fell into the Lieutenant's hands, his death would be certain.

Although Marthe had little intercourse with de Précy, she never ceased, in spite of herself, to think of him. In vain she tried to drive him from her mind; his image was ever there. She suffered from this burden which singularly tormented her, but also, to her great confusion, delighted her, and she resisted it with all her might.

She wanted never to see him again, but at times, hazard, the necessities of everyday life in common, brought them together. Then, almost without arresting her steps, she uttered a word of banal politeness, and observing the Lieutenant's face become all at once overcast with sadness at this glacial greeting, she abruptly passed on, feeling herself about to burst into tears before him, and took refuge in her room to sob.

She was terrified at these hysteric tears, which she could not overcome, unable to comprehend the weakness that suddenly seized her in his presence, not knowing to what she could attribute the strange transformation taking place in herself.

She fancied first of all that her anxiety concerning the critical situation of her father might be the cause, but she was compelled to recognise that this was neither the only, nor the most grave one, for the Captain seemed almost beyond danger. Certainly the Lieutenant, who had not thought fit at the outset to search the house, would not go back on his decision without motives, and he had no suspicion.

In fact, Marianne repaired daily to the loft to take the Captain food, hidden at the bottom of a large basket, and her movements had never been watched. As she invariably returned with the basket full either of potatoes or other

vegetables, they must suppose that she went there for the sole purpose of fetching provisions. Marthe, on the other hand, often went up to see the wounded man, and neither the Lieutenant, nor Fritz, his orderly, who slept near the horses in the stable, under the hay-loft, had ever seemed to pay the least attention to her goings and comings.

Had anyone told her that the real cause of this trouble which so much disturbed her came from the fact that she desperately loved the Prussian officer, she would have protested with indignation against such a statement; and she would have done so in good faith, the poor child refusing to admit, for a single instant, that she, the daughter of a retired officer in the French army, could conceive a like attachment for an enemy, and particularly for that one who, had he succeeded in laying hands on her father, was bound, under penalty of forfeiting his soldierly honour, to have him shot.

One day, however, when she had met him, instead of retiring as usual, she had remained, without knowing why, to listen to him. He conversed with her for a long time, spoke to her of his own people, of his ancestors, who in other times lived in France, and under Louis XIV., had fled to Germany to escape persecution. He assured her that if he fought against the French it was because his duty forced him to do so, now that he had become German; that he acted very much against his own inclination, and would have wished to have never been obliged to bear arms against a country that in days gone by had been his. He deplored the fatality that made an enemy of him, when he would so much have liked to have been regarded as a guest and a friend.

Then he spoke of her, telling the profound love he felt for her. His troubled voice had sad and supplicating accents, and the trembling prayer rose in her heart in a suave melody that stirred her deliciously in all her fibres. She listened in religious devotion, inhaling in ecstasy all his words, which fell slow and grave in faultless French, whilst he contemplated her with immense tenderness in his gaze. And under the charm of the language of France, of the penetrating caress of his deep and luminous eyes, looking at this frank and male visage, whereon the original race, in spite of the crossings of blood; had left its ineffaceable stamp, she forgot that he who addressed her thus was from Germany, that he had invaded her country, and she felt ineffable joy at hearing him and at feeling herself beside him.

When she made a movement as if to retire, he took her hand, which she did not think of withdrawing; and when he carried it to his lips, she quivered at the contact, became quite white, and had he not sustained her, would have fallen. He held her on his arm, inclined his head above her, and kissed the fair silk of her hair.

The blood had then reflowed to her face, and, staggering, she had quitted the apartment.

She was upset in all her being, for she had just met with the sudden revelation that she was all to him, and he all to her. Then, to the exquisite enjoyment of loving so fondly, and of feeling herself so much adored, succeeded the burning and intolerable thought that she was bestowing herself on an enemy of France, on one of those who for three months had been pitilessly exterminating the men of her own nation, and putting her country to fire and blood; and she experienced intense shame. And as if it were not sufficient to strike her thus, destiny willed, moreover, that he whom she had chosen among all others, was precisely that same one whose orders were to seek out her father and give him to summary justice; and intuition told her that if the Captain fell into his hands, he would strictly execute his orders, at whatever cost.

Then, in face of this bitter certainty, she was seized with incommensurable despair. Until evening she remained broken with grief, pondering over this terrible fatality.

When at nightfall Marianne came to bring her meal, a great appeasement had taken place, she was resigned to the inevitable. She had now made up her mind. If her father were arrested, she also would know how to do her duty, if he who had orders to have him executed displayed the atrocious courage to accomplish his.

CHAPTER III.

They were approaching the last days of December. The weather was bitter cold. A heavy sky weighed on the thick, hard snow covering the ground.

One morning, in the courtyard, Fritz, in stable dress, had just brought the horse saddled to his master, who stood drawing on his gloves. The orderly, as stiff as a pikestaff, held the reins in his left hand, whilst his right, raised on a line with his eyes, remained stiffened in the military salute.

He gazed at his officer with an uneasy look, set in motion his powerful jaw, in the thick bush of his hard red bristles, and ended by stuttering, not without some difficulty, in a voice barely intelligible—

"Excuse me, Lieutenant, but—"

And he stopped short, breathing noisily, incapable of continuing further.

The officer, aware of his servant's timidity, smiled, and said to him kindly—

"Well, Fritz, what is it you have to say to me?"

The soldier, encouraged by his chief's tone, his arm rigid in his salute, resumed—

"Lieutenant, there's someone up there!"

And he pointed to the loft with his left hand, without letting go the reins.

"Well, what do you see surprising in that? It must be Mlle. Bauloin or her servant. I think I have seen them going there from time to time, no doubt to fetch stores."

And the Lieutenant, who had finished putting on his gloves, was preparing to mount his steed, when the dragoon, whose face had become crimson, and whose eyes were rolling in bewilderment in their orbits, added—

"Excuse me, Lieutenant, it is not women, it is a man who is hidden up there."

"A man! You are off your head. No doubt you drank more freely than wisely last night, and you must have dreamt it."

And the officer, slightly shrugging his shoulders, placed his foot in the stirrup, and, catching hold of the reins and the horse's mane, lightly sprang into the saddle.

The soldier, in face of the reprimand, uttered not a word, but his face assumed an expression of such lamentable distress, and de Précy perceived such anxiety in his eyes, that he was taken with pity. He held in his horse, and addressing the soldier said—

"Come, Fritz, explain yourself. Say what you have to say, but be quick, for I'm in a hurry."

"Lieutenant, there's a man up there—"

The officer, out of patience, seeing him again gaping, and as mute as a fish, was going off, when Fritz, who noticed his movement, made a desperate effort, and then, just as water rushes from a cask when the bung is suddenly removed, his words issued forth in a speedful flow.

"And he has arms with him, Lieutenant, and he is wounded, and they attend to him every day, and they take him food, and the young lady must be his daughter, and I honestly believe he is the very man we are after, Lieutenant, and if—"

De Précy pulled him up short. He was very pale, and in a brusque voice inquired—

"Are you certain of what you advance?"

"Certain, Lieutenant. I sleep underneath the loft, as you know, in the lower part where the horses are. Frequently, at the commencement, I heard something moving at night up above me, but as I was half asleep I did not pay much attention to it, thinking it might be cats or rats fighting. But once, when I had got up to quiet your horse Tyrant, who was afraid and snorting, and tugging at his rope, I heard someone complaining there, and talking to himself, as when you are dreaming. I became frightened on the spur of the moment, thinking it might be some restless spirit hovering around me. I should have told you of it then, Lieutenant, but I wanted to be certain before saying anything."

"Then from that moment I opened my eyes and watched. I observed that the servant always carried something hidden at the bottom of her basket, and that as soon as she had gone there was a clinking of plates and of knives and forks, as if someone were eating. It was done

with precaution, but the flooring is so thin, with holes everywhere, that from below one can hear all that is said and done above, just as if one were there. You can even see a little between the planks, which are all disjointed."

"Several times, too, the young lady has been there, and she embraced the man, who called her his daughter. I remember the word, and I also know what it means, for Mühl, the sergeant who is from the frontier and understands French, and to whom I repeated it, explained to me its signification. And he is certainly wounded, for one day when the young lady was there attending to him no doubt, he gave a groan, and some drops of liquid,

THACKERAY.

Mr. Lewis Melville has been quite unreasonably taxed with a breach of ethical propriety in writing "The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray" (Hutchinson and Co.). There is still a superstition that Thackeray expressly interdicted a biography of himself. Reading some memoirs, the taste of which offended him, he said to his daughters, "There must be none of this about me." This was a veto upon any biography; it was a natural protest from a man of exquisite sensibility against the kind of body-snatching which sometimes passes for biographical work. Mrs. Ritchie has construed her father's wishes by writing

of him most intimately with a delicacy which is in itself a literary masterpiece. Everyone who has read her reminiscences of him in the latest edition of his works has a perfect understanding of the man, and a debt of gratitude to the loving and accomplished hand that has drawn the portrait. Mr. Melville has simply collected other published matter about Thackeray, which is of considerable bulk, though a good deal of it has been forgotten. The story of his struggles, copiously illustrated from letters of his contemporaries, and from his own writings, becomes in Mr. Melville's hands a clear, conscientious, and interesting narrative, which, whatever its errors of detail, certainly does not err in point of taste. Mr. Melville's chief defect is that his critical appreciation is small. He knows that Thackeray is a great writer; he is not very successful in telling us why. A writer who dismisses the style of one of the illustrious masters of English prose with the remark that there is little to be said about it, cannot take high rank among biographers. Mr. Melville assures us that Thackeray was a great delineator of character; but he attempts no analysis of a most notable gift. No English novelist has ever had a clearer insight into the unchanging springs of human nature. In "Esmond," Thackeray reproduced with delicate art the ideas, the fashions, the temper, the veritable accents of Queen Anne's times; but greatness of achievement is, it is not so great as the living and breathing wonder of a woman he has left us in Beatrix Esmond. Mr. Melville is not of those who cling to the fable that Thackeray was a cynic; but he makes no effort to explain



Fritz stood before his superior, rigid, his right arm bent in his everlasting salute.

"STERN DUTY."—BY G. MONTBARD.

smelling like what they put on the wounds of our men, fell through the planks. He has also a rifle, for I once heard it fall, and then he worked the lock, and I don't make any mistake about that sound. That is what I wanted to tell you, Lieutenant, and it's the pure truth—and with all due respect, I only drank my ration of schnapps last night; I swear it, Lieutenant."

The servant had delivered his words in one breath with incredible volubility, as if afraid of losing the thread of his narrative; and he stood before his superior, rigid, heels together, the left hand glued to his body, the right arm bent in his everlasting salute.

The Lieutenant had become livid. He dismounted, and said to Fritz, who had taken hold of the bridle—

"Very well. Put Tyrant in his stall. Tell Mühl to have the house surrounded and to bring me a picket."

(To be continued.)

how the union of uncompromising penetration with almost morbid delicacy of emotion caused many of Thackeray's contemporaries to regard him with irritable bewilderment. They had been taught to consider human nature in fiction as if it were the little girl in the nursery rhyme, who when she was good, was very, very good, and when she was bad, she was horrid. A man who painted the flaws of humanity, and alternately mocked and wept over them, was a genius they could not understand. Many writers down to our own day have not understood Thackeray; and whatever Mr. Melville's deficiencies may be, he is far better acquainted with his subject than was Anthony Trollope, who wrote about Thackeray with exasperating blindness. This new "Life" is full and varied, and fitly rounded off with an excellent bibliography of Thackeray's writings.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: MILITARY OPERATIONS.



SEVEN-POUNDER PRACTICE IN RHODESIA.



DIFFICULTIES OF TRANSPORT ACROSS COUNTRY NEAR MAPEKING.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: TROOPS FOR THE FRONT



THE 2ND BATTALION GORDON HIGHLANDERS READY TO EMBARK FOR SOUTH AFRICA AT PRINCE'S DOCKS, BOMBAY.

From a Photograph supplied by Mrs. W. A. Chambers, Bombay.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The Queen has been enjoying particularly fine weather at Balmoral, and has been able to take her drives once or twice daily. Mr. Chaplin and Lord George Hamilton have been at the Castle as Ministers in attendance, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have prolonged their stay close at hand. At Balmoral, more than anywhere perhaps, have the war telegrams of the week been anxiously awaited and closely scanned. Her Majesty has a minute knowledge of the military position in South Africa, and the Duke of Connaught's practical experience of tactics gives her a clear insight into the various movements of troops reported from day to day.

The Queen has now decided to open the Royal Convalescent Home at Bristol on Nov. 15. Her Majesty will be accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, Princess Christian, and Princess Henry of Battenberg; and the Home Secretary and the Lord Chamberlain will be amongst those in attendance.

The Prince of Wales returned to town from Newmarket at the end of last week; and when he drove to Waterloo Station last Saturday to give added honour to the "send-off" of General Sir Redvers Buller he was on his way from a meeting of the Standing Committee at the British Museum. On Wednesday afternoon his Royal Highness left Marlborough House for Iwerne Minster as the guest of Lord and Lady Wolverton, and he returns to town to-day.

The Cabinet Council held on Monday included Sir Michael Hicks Beach, by whom the Government's purse-strings are to be unloosed. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose slight attack of bronchitis gave some alarm to his friends, was able to travel to town on Monday



KIMBERLEY: A THUNDERSTORM APPROACHING. 9.30 P.M., AUGUST 23, 1899.

Photo. G. B. Deere.

Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, is situated on a large plain, and is less than a hundred miles away from Kimberley. It has a Market-place and a Town Hall—shown in our Illustration—which have not always resounded as they do to-day with praises of President Kruger. He was, in fact, one of the subordinate officers of President Pretorius, whom the Free State had angered, and who marched against it in force in the year 1857. Faced to face, in warlike trim, stood the burghers, when Paul Kruger walked forth with the white flag of truce for parleys which resulted in peace. He was an envoy again at Bloemfontein a little later, when pains and penalties were being enforced against Free State burghers who favoured the federation of their country and the Transvaal. These old divisions are forgotten now, the more's the pity, in the antagonism to England common to President Kruger and to President Brand.

Trenton, includes in his message a most complimentary allusion to the *Oceanic*, having just heard from a German gentleman, who was one of her passengers, that "she is a marvel of perfection in building and fittings, and well worthy of the celebrated line and illustrious owner she belongs to." Belief in the curing touch of kings died, perhaps, with Dr. Johnson; but the inspiring effects of the German Emperor's messages may well have a salutary effect on patients from Mr. Kipling to Mr. Ismay.

On Oct. 10 the London and North-Western Railway Company's steamer *Hibernia* was launched from the Leven shipyard of Messrs. William Denny and Brothers, Dumbarton. The launching ceremony was performed by Lady Houldsworth, wife of Sir W. H. Houldsworth, Bart., M.P., who is a director of the company. The *Hibernia* is virtually a sister-ship to the *Cumbria*, built by the same builders, and delivered to the company in December 1897. The *Hibernia* is a twin-screw steamer, having a length of about 340 ft., beam 30 ft., and a depth of 24 ft. to the awning-deck. The first-class passengers are accommodated on the upper, main, and lower decks, amidships and forward of the machinery, in handsome state-rooms and open saloons, special provision being made for separate ladies' state-rooms and retiring-rooms. The saloon is on the main-deck, is handsomely finished in oak, and can accommodate a large number of passengers. This vessel will no doubt be as speedy as the *Cumbria*, which on trial attained a maximum speed of 22 knots on the measured mile, and 21.35 on the 100-knot course. The *Cumbria* is quite famous for the regularity of passages, and has become a favourite ship. The *Hibernia* is the fifth vessel built by Messrs. William Denny and Brothers, who have been entrusted with the contract of practically renewing the company's fleet of mail-steamers.



BLOEMFONTEIN MARKET-SQUARE AND TOWN HALL.

from Devonport, where he had been the much-cared-for guest of the Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe.

Lord Onslow has marked his retirement from the London County Council by a speech which indicates that his resignation was given in no bitterness of spirit. He has nothing but good words to say of its members. He agrees with everything about his opponents except their opinions. Even the so-called "Socialists," he confessed the other day in a speech at Guildford, "remind him of the devil," in one particular only—they, too, are not so black as they are painted.

A player's send-off as well as a soldier's was seen on Saturday, Oct. 14. It was a quarter to eight in the morning when Sir Henry Irving steamed out of Liverpool Street Station—an hour which seems earlier in late London than it does in any other capital of Europe. Sir Henry's sons and a small company of friends were there to travel with him to the Royal Albert Dock, whither Miss Ellen Terry, unable to face such early hours after a life's apprenticeship to late ones, had gone on the previous evening. The *Marquette*, with the Lyceum company on board, proceeded to Tilbury, where the last partings were exchanged; and Sir Henry told his friends that his long tour in the States would mean for him not only a lot of work, but also a most delightful welcome holiday.

Kimberley, the diamond city, is now in an excellent state of defence, and may be expected to give a good account of itself against a Boer attack. Among the most recent arrivals at Kimberley is Mr. Rhodes, who will again prove his martial qualities, as he did at Salisbury during the Matabele Campaign. Our two Kimberley photographs are interesting, as showing a compound of the De Beers diamond mine during and after a great thunderstorm, which took place on Aug. 23 last. The photographs were taken at exactly twelve hours' interval.

The German Emperor, who has prudently postponed his visit to England until the war in South Africa is over, has sent a long telegram of condolence to Mrs. Ismay, whose husband, the great shipowner, is seriously ill. The Emperor, who met Mr. Ismay some years ago on board the



KIMBERLEY: THE SAME PLACE (DE BEERS COMPOUND) TWELVE HOURS LATER.

Photo. G. B. Deere.



COLONEL CREAGH, ASSISTANT ADJUTANT-GENERAL.
DIRECTOR OF MOBILISATION AT SOUTHAMPTON.



THE MOBILISATION: PROVISIONAL BARRACKS AT SOUTHAMPTON DOCK.

On Saturday, Oct. 7, was issued by the Commander-in-Chief an order mobilising a field force for service in South Africa. The military term "mobilisation" is one oftener used than understood. The "units" of the Army are the small bodies of troops into which it is divided. In times of peace each unit is allowed, as a general rule, to fall below its full strength, and some of its equipment is hidden away in storehouses. Moreover, some "units," such as ammunition columns, have no existence except in war-time. They are the very creations of the mobilisation. . . .Horses

as well as men come within the scope of the order lately issued; but our main reference is, of course, to the men. The word of recall went forth to the Reserves—the short-service men who have passed into secular employments, and who receive modest payment in return for their readiness to join the colours when called upon. With the order of recall goes a railway warrant for the journey, and a postal order for three shillings. Saturday afternoon saw train-load after train-load of these soldiers-at-need returning to their headquarters from all sorts of employment in

all quarters of the United Kingdom. At Aldershot, at Devonport, and at other centres, they gathered in their strength, changing black garb for red, gay in spirits, and ready to give good account of themselves to the enemies of England whenever and wherever to be found. When General Sir Redvers Buller left for the Cape last Saturday, the direction of the mobilisation passed from his experienced and confident hands into those of Major-General Kelly-Kenny, whose flag has floated early and late this week at Aldershot.



THE "SPARTAN" HOSPITAL-SHIP IN SOUTHAMPTON DOCK.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES IN SOUTH AFRICA.



Photo. E. Barnard.

LEK'KU, KHAMA'S FIGHTING GENERAL, WHO HAS OFFERED TO HELP US AGAINST THE BOERS.



PANORAMA OF DURBAN AND THE BLUFF FROM OCEAN VIEW HOTEL.



DEPARTURE OF SIR REDVERS BULLER AND STAFF FROM SOUTHAMPTON, OCTOBER 14.



THE TRANSVAAL WAR.—GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER LEAVING FOR THE CAPE BY THE "DUNOTTAR CASTLE" AT SOUTHAMPTON ON OCTOBER 14: "GOOD BYE AND GOOD LUCK!"

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES AT THE SEAT OF OPERATIONS.



1. Alwal North, on the Orange River.

2. Wesleyan Mission Station, Thaba Nchu, Orange Free State.

3. Primitive Methodist Church, Alwal North, on the Banks of the Orange River.

4. Mafeking Railway Station.

5. Typical Dutch Smithy at Talapye.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR TROOPS FOR THE FRONT.



1. Waiting to Disembark: the Latest News from Pretoria. 2. A Wash and Brush-Up for Shore. 3. Loading Baggage and War Materials into Railway Trucks at Cape Town Docks. 4. The "Arundel Castle" Entering Table Bay with the Royal Munster Fusiliers on Board. 5. The "Goth," with Manchester Regiment, in Cape Town Docks. 6. Taking Sea-Kits Ashore.

DISSEMBARKATION OF THE ROYAL MUNSTER FUSILIERS FROM THE "ARUNDEL CASTLE" AT CAPE TOWN ON SEPTEMBER 16.

From a Sketch by Mr. W. Morris.

MOVERS AND SECONDER
OF THE ADDRESS.

The Marquis of Granby, the mover of the Address in the House of Lords, is the eldest son of the Duke of Rutland, longer known to political life as Lord John Manners. The title of the Duke's eldest son was made a very familiar one—on signboards, for instance, far afield of Leicestershire—by the military reputation of the Marquis of Granby who, in the middle of the last century, was Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces serving under Prince Ferdinand in Germany. The present bearer of the title was born in 1852. At the age of thirty he married Marion Margaret Violet, daughter of Colonel the Hon. C. H. Lindsay, and some three years later he entered Parliament for East Leicestershire. He began to be principal private secretary to Lord Salisbury as Prime Minister in 1885; and three years ago he was called to the Upper House under the title of Baron Manners. That title he passed on to be borne as a "courtesy title" by his eldest son, who, however, died at the age of nine years. His eldest surviving son and heir, Lord Roos of Belvoir, was born in 1886. Belvoir Castle, the main seat of the Manners family, has been fully sketched as Beaumanoir by a master-hand in the pages of "Coningsby." Lord Beaconsfield was the close ally of Lord John Manners—the Lord Henry Sydney of that political novel—in the 'forties, and was a frequent guest in his father's house.

Lord Barnard, the seconder of the Address in the House of Lords, is two years the junior of the Marquis of Granby, having been born in 1854.



Photo. Russell and sons
THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY,
Mover of the Address in the House of Lords.



Photo. F. Yeoman, Barnard Castle
LORD BARNARD,
Secunder of the Address in the House of Lords.



Photo. Johnston and Co., Melbourne
SIR A. FULLER-ACLAND-HOOD,
Mover of the Address in the House of Commons.



Photo. Bains, Manchester
COLONEL ROYDS,
Secunder of the Address in the House of Commons.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: MOVERS AND SECONDER OF THE ADDRESS.

He married in 1881 Lady Catherine Cecil, daughter of the third Marquis of Exeter. He succeeded to the Barony of Barnard, hitherto smothered under strawberry-leaves, on the death of his kinsman, the Duke of Cleveland. Lord Barnard is a B.A. of Oxford, a barrister-at-law, a County Councillor, and a Deputy-Lieutenant for the County of Durham.

Sir Alexander Fuller-Acland-Hood, the mover of the Address in the House of Commons, is the fourth Baronet of his line, and he has represented West Somerset in Parliament since 1892. Born at St. Audries, Bridgwater, he was educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford, and he entered the Grenadier Guards in 1875. He saw service in the Egyptian Campaign, and he was Aide-de-Camp to the Governor of Victoria from 1889 to 1891, shortly after which term of office he retired from the Army. Sir Alexander married in 1888 a daughter of the fourth Lord Ventry.

Colonel Clement Molyneux Royds, the seconder of the Address in the Commons, was born in 1842. Besides being an active member of the House, where he very proudly sits for his native town of Rochdale, he is Colonel of the Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry Cavalry, and honorary Colonel of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers. His business occupations are numerous, for he is chairman of Williams, Deacon, and Manchester and Salford Bank, and of the Rochdale Canal Company. Colonel Royds is fifty-seven years of age; and when he is at home he is at Greenhill, Rochdale, a town which boasts upon its roll of former residents the name of John Bright.



UNVEILING MEMORIAL BRASSES TO OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 1ST KING'S OWN YORKSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY AT YORK MINSTER ON OCTOBER 13.



DEFENCES OF THE KIMBERLEY DIAMOND MINES.



OLD DUTCH GATEWAY OF THE CASTLE, CAPE TOWN.



NEW YORK'S WELCOME TO ADMIRAL DEWEY: FIREWORKS AND ELECTRIC DISPLAY ON THE HUDSON RIVER OFF RIVERSIDE DRIVE SEPTEMBER 29.

Drawn by G. W. Peters.

LADIES' PAGE.

How difficult it is to think of lighter subjects in presence of the great misery of war, when already funds are being sought to give the bitter and demoralising bread of charity to thousands of men thrown out of employment in South Africa, and to care in England for the destitute wives and children of the soldiers gone to the front, and when this deplorable industrial disorganisation is but the prelude to the more acute agony of wounded men, and of women left lonely and bereaved, and children deprived for ever of their breadwinners—and even all that is but the beginning of evils that will be felt, no less really if unconsciously, by all concerned for half a century to come! It is all very well to talk about marriage being the one proper and only happy destiny for women, and then to send

take advantage of it. Farmers assert, says the report, that they cannot spare their daughters to attend agricultural classes, for labour is so scarce nowadays for all duties about a farm that they need every hand belonging to their own families for present work. The County Council own that this would be a valid reason for declining a purely literary education, but "when the instruction is bearing on the manufacture of the article on which the livelihood depends, such an excuse is, to say the least, short-sighted and penny wise and pound foolish." Nothing can be done for a class who are not willing to receive help when offered; but Lady Warwick's attempt is to introduce a more refined class of women to the work, and what measure of success the effort will finally obtain only time can show.

Mrs. Farquharson, of Houghton, has gained Lady Warwick's sympathy for her movement in favour of the admission of women to full membership in the learned societies, and a resolution in favour of such admission was passed at the Stafford House meeting. Some societies, such as the Royal, now refuse women membership altogether; others, such as the Royal Microscopical, allow women to be nominal members and pay fees, but do not admit them to the society's meetings. The ladies who by their previous acquirements have proved their fitness for admission to such educational and stimulating meetings resent being "Outlanders" any longer. Probably, if the demand for membership of the learned societies is seriously and steadily made by suitable persons, it will be conceded without great difficulty.

The lady "reverend," long an admitted fact in several denominations in America, but recognised here only by the Friends and Salvationists, is to gain a footing in another ministry. Miss Brown is to be formally "recognised" as "pastor in charge" of a congregation by five other ministers of the "Independent" or "Congregationalist" body. It seems that she has conducted a mission for some years with much success, and the congregation now seek a more defined position for their "pastor."

Immense meetings of women have been held in connection with the Church Congress. The organisation of societies in connection with the Church of England has proceeded apace in recent years, and the result was visible in the gathering of some eight thousand women in the Albert Hall under the auspices of the Women's Diocesan Association. The topic was Family Life. The Bishop of London, in the course of his address, remarked that husbands are apt to be tiresome things, but women must remember that each wife has chosen her own husband, and therefore the poor man has a right to expect that he will be made the best of and stood by fairly; and, after all, however aggravating a husband might be, he was still a fellow-creature! Now, if only the Bishop would say just exactly that to husbands about their wives; but somehow there is so much more good advice addressed to "the weaker vessel," who seems really to be expected to act as if she were the stronger in nerves, self-control, and judgment.

Dr. Creighton further declared that a husband's grumbling and scolding was often only his way of beginning a conversation; and he maintained that if a man were sulky, the worse he was the more cheerful his wife should be. Certainly husband and wife should bear and forbear; and the soft answer turneth away wrath more effectually by the domestic hearth than elsewhere. Then business is often worrying, and the husband coming home needs and usually deserves to find there all soothing and calming influences. But surely it should be mutual kindness; at times the man must take his turn in meeting irritability or low spirits with cheerfulness and kind gentle consideration! As to the theory that the wisest and best course is for the wife of a sulky tyrannical man *always* just to give in and crouch before the storm, I do not think that is either good policy or real kindness ultimately to the man himself. Mrs. Creighton also spoke, advising greater strictness in bringing up the young than is now usual; and the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton made one of her cheery, inspiring speeches to young women.

Black and white retain undiminished popularity for autumn dress; and one of our illustrations this week shows the favourite note in an indoor gown. It is made of soft material, fine serge, cashmere, or merino, in black, with bands of black-and-white striped silk for trimming, and underskirt and yoke braided with black and white braid. The other indoor dress is also of a very soft, pliable

material, silk or crêpon for choice, laid all over in tucks, and trimmed with passementerie.

Gowns of the better class, both day and evening, depend largely on embroideries and passementeries for their effect. The bolero is still much used, and very often this and the sleeves are covered with embroidery. An illustrative model was in terra-cotta cashmere, with small yoke-like bolero, and sleeves (pointed to reach the knuckles) of velvet, of a rather deeper red, covered with an interwoven pattern worked all over in strips of the cloth, cut about as wide as baby-ribbon. The small space left by the bolero at the throat was filled in by a pretty pale blue silk vest, embroidered in silk and ribbon of many refined and harmonious colours, and a tie of sable curiously passed round the edges of this opening, the head and tails resting on the bosom of the wearer; for the rest, it was a Princess polonoise, the fullness laid in a series



A BLACK-AND-WHITE INDOOR DRESS.

out to be slaughtered thousands of the strongest and best of our young men, single or only lately wedded, leaving their actual or destined wives to widowhood. But, "as in the days of Noah," the business of daily life will go on, regardless of the fact that every brave noble young fellow who falls leaves a gap that cannot be made good in his own generation. Indeed, I have been much struck, in reading more than one published set of family letters of the days of our great Civil War (see the "Letters of Dorothy Osborne and Sir William Temple," for an instance) by the way in which the ordinary affairs of quiet placid existence went on, even in the same land with war, without reference to the life-and-death fratricidal struggle that one would fancy must have absorbed every thought of all the people then alive, and have filled their conversation and correspondence. Not a bit of it! It was naught to them beside their own cows, jam-boiling, new maids, and love affairs. And so now, I suppose, we must have our new winter frocks and hats anyhow, though the young manhood of our nation is spending its blood in South African sands.

Lord and Lady Londonderry are so kind and generous to others that in their sad sorrow at the death of their second son they are assured of wide sympathy. The event, long expected, but none the less melancholy, will not interfere with the marriage of their eldest son and heir, Lord Castlereagh, which will take place in November.

Lady Warwick's "Agricultural Association for Women" has held its first annual meeting at Stafford House, by kind permission of the Duke of Sutherland, and the foundress, who took the chair, had a satisfactory report to give of the success of her first year's work in her endeavour to train educated women for remunerative labour in food production in its lighter branches, dairying, fruit-growing, chicken-rearing, and the like. Certainly there must be ample room for more labourers in this field, for the quantity of fruit, eggs, butter, honey, and so forth, that we import is really scandalous. But it appears from a report just issued of the Dairy School established at the public expense by the Cheshire County Council, that it is not so much the teaching that is lacking as common-sense and enterprise on the part of women to



AN AUTUMN INDOOR GOWN.

of tucks from waist to knee, and thence flowing out in a wavy flounce. Another visiting-dress was in white cloth, hemmed with a deep flounce of sable; the front of the bodice slightly overhung at the waist and opened to the neck over a very narrow strip of gold passementerie.

It is almost comical to the observer of Fashion's course to notice how invariably the successes of one season in Paris "catch on" here in another six or twelve months. This is at the moment exemplified by the fringed ends to toque and hat trimmings that were very popular in the spring in Paris; here they are in London at last! A silken fringe on the slightly overhanging ends of a scarf that trims round the hat is the thing. It is for the most part very becoming; though fitness must be considered here as in all dress matters. A middle-aged, stout lady, in a magenta satin toque, with one fringed end down to her neck behind and the other fringe just clearing her left ear, made one smile with the same mixed emotions as a very bad pun—wrath mingled with amusement. Happily, this particular elderly lady discarded that hat promptly after trying it on—but we shall see similar melancholy mistakes around us, no doubt. The high-crowned, open-fronted Directoire bonnet is already, I learn, considered *démodé* in Paris, but is beginning a smart career in London; and it can be extremely pretty and becoming.

Eau-de-Cologne is in universal use, and the liking for it in all countries shows that it has some refreshing and invigorating qualities that are peculiar to itself. Eau-de-Cologne was invented in 1693 by one Johann Farina, and the name is identified with the perfume. The firm in direct descent from the original Farina are now known as "Johann Anton Farina, zur Stadt Mailand, Cöln"; and they claim that, though the perfume has been imitated closely by others, the refreshing, medicinal, reviving property of the genuine recipe remains with them alone. Certainly it is a most reviving and agreeable preparation that they produce, and it is a significant fact that they alone are permitted by the German Government to advertise theirs as the "oldest and only genuine." It is sold under two different labels, one the original purple, red, and gold, the other white, but each bears the above name and address.—FILOMENA.



CITY OF MANCHESTER PRESENTATION CASKET.

The solid silver casket presented to Mr. Richard Copley Christie, M.A., LL.D., by the Corporation of the City of Manchester, with the Freedom of the City, is an exquisite example of the pure Gothic style, and is at the same time both original and effective, the striking effect being given by the novel treatment of oxydisation. It is octagonal in shape, and rests upon four feet firmly and subtly decorated in repoussé. The work has been carried out in a most skilful style by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, 112, Fleet Street, London, W., and supplied through Mr. H. C. Boddington, of Manchester.

A POSITIVE REMEDY FOR CORPULENCE.

A SPANISH COUNT REDUCES HIS WEIGHT 34 lb. in 22 Days.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. We have recently received a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled "Corpulency, and the Cure" (256 pages), and is a cheap issue (only 4d.), published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. Our space will not do justice to this book; send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes: "Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure, for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal; and offered us plenty more if required. To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a Marchioness, writes from Madrid: 'My son, Count —, has reduced his weight in twenty-two days 16 kilos—i.e., 34 lb.' Another writes: 'So far (six weeks from the commencement of following your system) I have lost fully two stone in weight.' The next (a lady) writes: 'I am just half the size.' A fourth: 'I find it is successful in my case. I have lost 8 lb. in weight since I commenced (two weeks).' Another writes: 'A reduction of 18 lb. in a month is a great success.' A lady from Bournemouth writes: 'I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about.' Again, a lady says: 'It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over.' The author is very positive. He says: 'Step on a weighing-machine on Monday morning and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost 2 lb. in weight without the slightest harm, and gained vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations.'"—*Cork Herald*.

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RUSSIA'S ADVANCE TOWARDS INDIA.

CONVERSATIONS WITH SKOBELEFF.

"Bokhara is a wretched place to live in." According to his account, the Khanate is so unhealthy that a Russian occupation is only possible by the Aid of

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

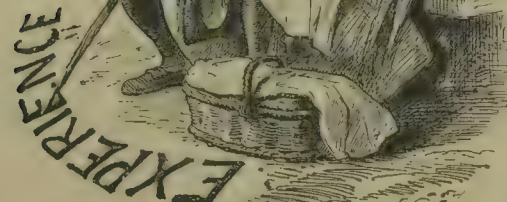
"We ought to be friends. . . . Why should two European powers quarrel over a few Asiatics? WE OUGHT TO BE FRIENDS. WE STRONGLY WISH IT."—*The Russian Advance towards India*.—C. MARVIN, page 88.

EGYPT, CAIRO.

"Since my arrival in Egypt in August last I have on three occasions been attacked by fever. On the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heart-felt gratitude for my restoration impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL, 19th Hussars.—May 26, 1883.—Mr. J. C. Eno."

"I used my 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say I believe it saved my life.—J. C. Eno."

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—"After suffering for nearly two and a half years from SEVERE HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH, and after trying almost everything, and spending much money, without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a GREAT DEAL OF GOOD, and now I am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have NOT ENJOYED such GOOD HEALTH for years—Yours most truly—VERITAS."



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 16, 1896) of General George Henry Mackinnon, C.B., of 157, Victoria Street, Westminster, who died on Sept. 16, was proved on Oct. 9 by George Redmond Prior and Henry Lawrence Prior, the nephews, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £270,187. The testator gives an annuity of £1200 to his sister Frances Isabella, Lady Geary; an annuity of £200 to his sister-in-law Mrs. Emma Catherine Prior; £5000 to his sister-in-law Mrs. Barbara Mackinnon; his furniture and household effects to his niece Mary Louisa Shielton Mackinnon; £1000 each to Lady Esther Georgiana Cochrane, Rose Vernon Mackinnon, Selina Lucinda Ramsden, Florence Marguerite Mackinnon, Annie Lucinda Raikes, Colonel William Henry Mackinnon, Ronald Mackinnon, Alan Mackinnon, and Donald Hillars O. Mackinnon; legacies to servants; and various stocks and shares to the value of £44,000, upon trust, for his niece Mary Louisa Shielton Mackinnon, for life, and then for her issue, but should she not marry, then at her death as she shall appoint to the descendants of her grandmother, Mrs. Catherine Prior. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephews George Redmond Prior, Henry Lawrence Prior, Arthur Willeman Prior, Herbert Morris Prior, and Sir William Nevill Montgomery Geary, and his niece Lucy Hutton Squire.

The will (dated Nov. 1, 1881), with a codicil (of Aug. 7, 1885), of Mrs. Sarah Lane, of the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, who died on Aug. 16, was proved on Oct. 11 by Alfred Lane Craxford, the nephew and sole executor, the value of the estate being £122,456. The testatrix gives £1300 to her sister, Mary Ann Robinson; £500 each and her jewels to her nieces, Rose Robinson and Mrs. Hope Funnell; £100 each to her nieces, Mary Ann Doniface and Charlotte Robinson, and her nephews, William and John Borrowes and William and Ernest Robinson; £200 each to her nephews, William Borrowes and Frederick Borrowes; and £100 to her maid. She leaves the residue of her property in equal shares to her nephews, Alfred Lane Craxford and William Samuel Craxford.

The will (dated May 15, 1899), with a codicil (dated May 30, 1899), of Captain Walter William Ross, of 15, Pembroke Gardens, and 11, St. George's Place, Brighton, who died on July 6, was proved on Oct. 5 by Mrs. Annie Ross, the widow, Charles John Jacob Hood, and Frederick Oldershaw Smithers, the executors, the value of the estate being £105,597. The testator gives £200 and his furniture and domestic effects to his wife; his share



THE TRANSVAAL WAR: ADMIRAL SIR ROBERT HARRIS, COMMANDING THE FLEET IN SIMON'S BAY, AND STAFF.

and interest in the steam-ships managed by William Schofield and Son, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to his nephew, William Henry Ross Dyett; £1000 to Mrs. Creighton; £100 each to Elise Dyett, Ellen Dyett, Katherine Dyett, and Augusta Dyett; £200 to the Rev. Angus Clark; £100 to the Tain Royal Academy; and legacies to friends and servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his daughter and her children.

The will (dated Jan. 22, 1889), with two codicils (dated Feb. 16, 1893, and Feb. 18, 1899), of Edward Montagu Stuart Granville, Earl of Wharnccliffe, of Wharnccliffe House, Curzon Street, and of Wortley Hall and Simonstone, Yorkshire, who died on May 13, was proved on Oct. 9 by Lord Hillingdon, the Hon. John Walter Edward Scott Montagu, M.P., and the Right Hon. Charles Deilby Stuart Wortley, Q.C., the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £178,477. The testator gives to his wife Susan Charlotte, Countess of Wharnccliffe, £2000, his carriages and horses, and the use of part of his household furniture and jewels. Subject thereto all his furniture, plate, pictures, jewels, and articles of vertu are to devolve as heirlooms with the settled family estates. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate are to follow

the same trusts as of those of the settlement of his Yorkshire estates, executed on Oct. 10, 1888. Subject to the life interest of his wife, he appoints £10,000, parts of the funds of his marriage settlement, to his nephews Ralph Granville Montagu Stuart Wortley and Alan Richard Montagu Stuart Wortley.

The will (dated Dec. 4, 1896) of Captain Edward Brooke Thornton, of 26, Thurloe Square, who died on Sept. 10, was proved on Oct. 9 by Mrs. Agnes Thornton, the widow, and Algernon Tatham, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £73,910. The testator gives £500 and his furniture, pictures, plate, carriages, horses, wines, and stores to his wife; £4000 to his son William Brooke Thornton; and £100 to Algernon Tatham. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife during her widowhood, or £200 per annum should she again marry, and subject thereto, between all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1893) of Mr. William Bromwich Ryder, J.P., of Gransden Hall, St. Neots, Hunts, who died on Aug. 4, was proved on Oct. 4 by William Charles Ryder, the son, and Miss Eliza Jane Ryder, the daughter, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £72,384. The testator gives all his real and leasehold estate in the county of Lancaster, as to one moiety each, upon trust, for his son and daughter for life, and then as they shall respectively appoint to their children. He also gives £100 each to James Kershaw, Henry Kershaw, and George Kershaw; £100 to his gardener, William Allman; and £50 to his cousin, the Rev. John James Harris. The residue of his property he leaves to his son and daughter.

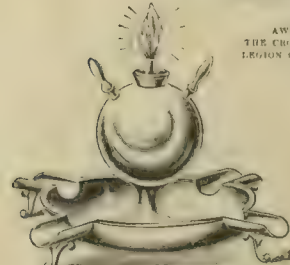
The will (dated July 2, 1896) of Mr. Henry William Cripps, Q.C., Recorder of Lichfield, Chancellor of the Diocese of Oxford, and Chairman of the Bucks Quarter Sessions, of Beechwood, near Marlow, who died on Aug. 14, aged eighty-five, was proved on Oct. 7 by Charles Alfred Cripps, Q.C., and Arthur Devereux Cripps, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £56,111. The testator gives to his wife £300, the furniture and effects at his residence, and the income, for life, of his residuary estate. Subject thereto, he leaves all his property between his children.

The will (dated Oct. 21, 1898) of Mr. Alfred Taylor, of Hockerville, Bishops Stortford, was proved on Sept. 21 by Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Taylor, the widow, and Frederick Alfred Taylor, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £48,692. The testator devises all his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold messuages, maltings, and premises, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his son. He

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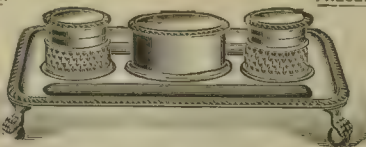
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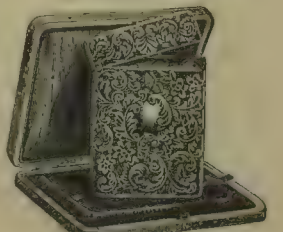
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gives £5000 and all his furniture and domestic effects to his wife, and his share and interest in the capital and assets of the firm of John Taylor and Son to his son, but charged with the payment of £500 per annum to Mrs. Taylor during her life. He appoints his son his residuary legatee.

The will (dated July 11, 1898) of Mrs. Helen Reid, widow of Henry Mountford Reid, H.E.I.C.S., Bengal, of 16, Gloucester Square, Hyde Park, who died on Aug. 22, was proved on Sept. 26 by Benjamin William Simpson and Henry Alexander Clarke, the surviving executors, the value of the estate amounting to £47,408. The testatrix bequeaths £5000, upon trust, for her nephew and godson, Sidney Rutherford Ancrum; and legacies to relatives, executors, and servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves as to one fourth to her brother-in-law, Alexander Reid; one fourth, upon trust, for her late husband's brother-in-law, Robert Ladbroke Day, for life, and then to his children by his late wife, Louisa Day; one fourth, upon trust, for Gertrude Julia Reid, the widow of her late husband's brother George James Graystone Reid, and at her death to the children of the said George James Graystone Reid, and the remaining one fourth to the children of her late sister-in-law, Mary Ann Clarke.

The will (dated July 23, 1896) of Mr. Ayscough Pawkes, J.P., of Farnley Hall, Otley, Yorks, who died on June 21, was proved on Sept. 12 at the Wakefield District Registry by the Rev. Frederick Pawkes, the brother, and Henry Dacre, the executors, the value of the estate being £15,234. The testator gives £500 to his wife, Mrs. Edith Mary Pawkes; £200 each to Henry Dacre and Robert Shotton Palliser; and legacies to his butler and coachman. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother Frederick.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the County of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Nov. 18, 1897) of the Rev. William Landels, D.D., of 10, Bellevue Terrace, Edinburgh, who died on July 7, granted to the Rev. William Kemmo Landels, George Washington Landels, and the Rev. Thomas Durley Landels, the sons, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on Oct. 9, the value of the estate in England and Scotland being £5142.

Of the making of books on wireless telegraphy there appears to be no end; but Mr. Fahie's work—"A History of Wireless Telegraphy, 1839-1899." By J. J. Fahie. Illustrated. (London and Edinburgh: W. Blackwood and



MONUMENT TO LADY MARTIN IN LLANTYSILIO CHURCH.

Sons)—has the merit of describing the details of this interesting scientific problem and practice in an entertaining fashion, and at due length. The subject is treated after the historical method, which is, perhaps, after all, the most appropriate fashion wherein the story of the rise and progress of the telegraph without wires may be treated. It appears that the first glimmerings of the notion that messages might be transmitted without wires were evolved in 1795, but it was in 1838 that Steinheil of Munich definitely propounded the idea of wireless telegraphy. Since then, at fitful intervals, we have had the system exploited until at the present day a fair amount of perfection has been attained by Marconi and others. Mr. Fahie is very careful to leave the subject in a stage of its consideration which renders him entirely non-committed to any definite conclusions respecting the future success of the system, and concerning its applicability to the widespread functions which to-day the ordinary electrical service of the country is made to discharge. This is as things should be. The time has not yet arrived when wireless telegraphy may be reckoned as an accomplished fact in the sense of practical application everywhere. The record presented by Mr. Fahie is interesting and instructive, and his book should be read by all who are interested in the development of the latest idea in science.

Her gracious genius belonged to the world. The charm of her goodness was for her home and for those who loved her." The words forming this beautiful tribute to the character of Lady Martin, as artist and woman, are by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, and are taken from one of her introductions to the biographical edition of her father's, W. M. Thackeray's, works. In the same church at Llantysilio is an exquisite east window, a thank-offering by Sir Theodore and Lady Martin. On the wall near the new monument to Lady Martin is a brass tablet in memory of Robert Browning.

We understand that Newton, Chambers and Co., Limited, have received extensive orders for Izal disinfectant from the War Office for shipment to South Africa. The quantity requisitioned is enough to make nearly three-quarters of a million gallons of disinfecting fluid. It is interesting to note that Sheffield is becoming known to the military authorities for the production of other things than armour plate and steel. The Transport Department of the Admiralty has also ordered a large quantity of Izal. It has been tried by troops in the field before, as Lord Kitchener's expedition to Khartoum took a considerable quantity.

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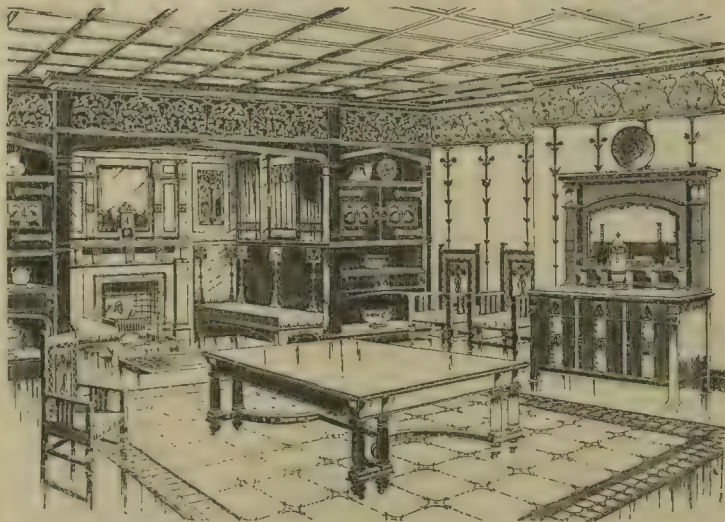
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"TU QUOQUE, BRUTE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Whenever Heine felt tempted to write upon politics he used a formula of exorcism which even at the present day is resorted to by the homelier Tontons to keep away a rabid dog. "Thou hound, thou hound, thou accursed hound! Away, away; thou art unsound!" it runs. I am not anything like the author of the "Reisebilder"; and, in fact, the form of abjuration did not always succeed in his case. Writing these lines within an hour or so after my return from the Continent, as I am doing, and though remembering the non-controversial nature of *The Illustrated London News*, I am afraid I shall fail as miserably as Heine did on many occasions. From the Rhine and the Amstel to the Scheldt and the Meuse, the Boer is god, and Dutchmen and Belgians are his prophets. The excitement is purely intellectual on many grounds.

The Flemings, who three-quarters of a century ago were almost ready to deny their kinship with the Dutch of Holland and prayed to be delivered from them, as they eventually were, now insist upon their community of origin with the Afrikaner Boers. It is a kind of consanguineal emotion or emotional consanguinity, which has, perhaps, gathered force from long abeyance, and the manifestation of which can all the more readily be indulged in from the absolute immunity from all responsibilities and consequences. Without impugning the courage of

either the Dutch or Belgians, one may take for granted their distinct confidence of not being called upon to exhibit that prowess collectively; their rulers being too sensible to espouse quarrels not of their own making, and having practically already expressed themselves to that effect.

There is another and even more logical, albeit not more natural, cause for the resentment of the Dutch and the Belgians against the English. Amsterdam and Antwerp are the two great Continental centres of the diamond industry, and during the fortnight I was in the former city the raw material rose $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in value, and was not to be had even at the increased price. The diamond-merchant stows his valuables very near to his heart—i.e., in an inner waistcoat-pocket to the left. All these things, taken together, constitute a formidable germ of animosity against the originators of the trouble; for that is the light in which we are regarded, although the most persistent of our revilers do not hesitate to admit that it would be a bad day for all concerned if the Boers got the final control of the precious mineral and carbonic deposits of South Africa.

It would be idle to deny that England occupies the position of "Dr. Fell" among European nations. I think it was Pitt who said that people could not go on hating each other. I am not so certain of that. My experience, derived from many years of travel and careful observation, has taught me that, whenever any Continental

country hails England, or even pats her complacently on the back, she is in need of her moral or material support. Shortly before his accession to the French throne, Louis Philippe that was to be was strolling around his property in the Palais-Royal, when a fellow set up the cry of "Vive le Duc d'Orléans." "Go and see what he wants; for he assuredly wants something," remarked the clever son of Philippe Egalité to one of his suite; and the surmise turned out to be correct. That was the method of the French of even the humblest classes, who had still some of the leaven of the *ancien régime* in them. The French of the Third Republic have reversed the process with regard to every nation in Europe with the exception of Russia. Their vituperation of the rest of Europe is, however, as nothing to that constantly levelled at England, and during the last week it has absolutely risen to a yell. If it were worth England's while to silence her, Lord Salisbury might instruct Sir Edmund Monson to inquire what France wants.

If it be not worth England's while, our Ambassador might simply pay a friendly visit to M. Delcassé, and opening a history of the Second Empire, point to the chapters dealing with the Mexican Expedition. The French, in common with most of the Continentals, aver that our championship of the Uitlanders is simply a pretext for annexing the Transvaal Republic and depriving the Boers of their independence. The pretext, if pretext there be, is certainly more respectable than was that of the

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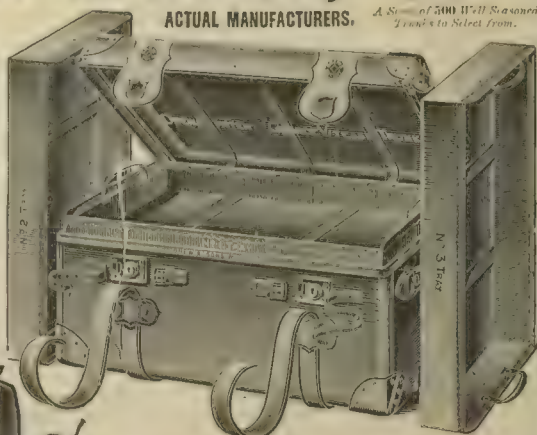
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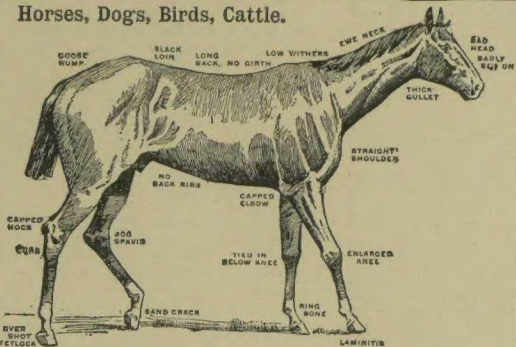
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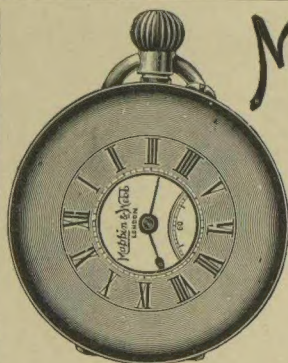
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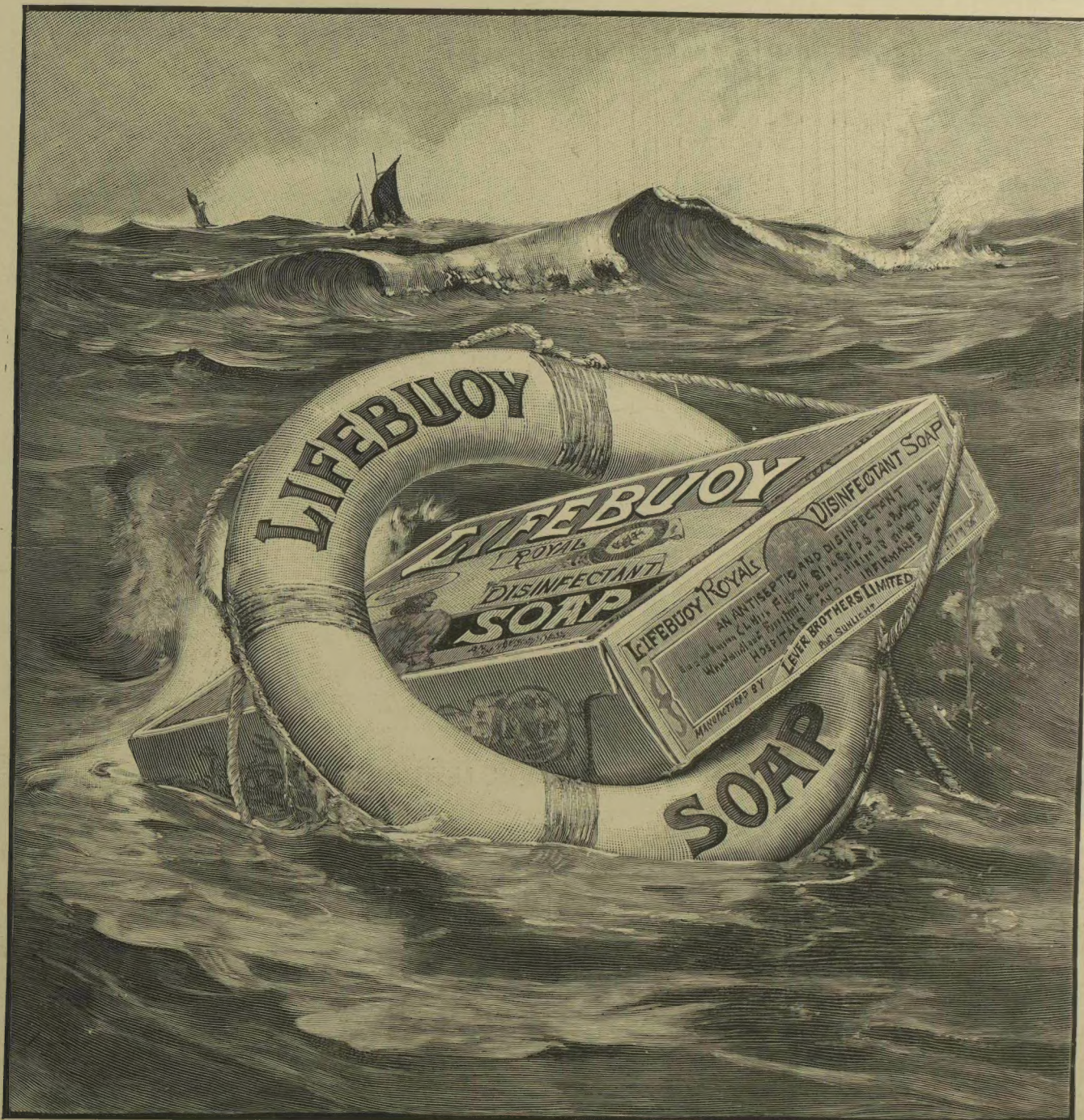
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Jecker bonds. And even the "Jecker swindle" was merely a screen to hide the real purport of that wanton aggression of a nation, which, if France had any grievance at all against her, was perfectly willing to remedy those grievances on France's own terms. Benito Juarez was a different man from President Kruger; he did not pretend to give with one hand, while the other was stretched forth to retake what he had offered. And when the history of the Transvaal negotiations shall finally be written there shall not be found a Sir Alfred Milner or a Mr. Conyngham Greene boasting—as did Dubois de Saligny, the then French Ambassador in Mexico—of having purposely stirred up strife between the Government he represented and the Government to which he was accredited, in order to make the former's intervention necessary. South Africa is practically England's own; there is no hankering after a new Empire across the seas on the part of England, as there was on the part of France in the early 'sixties; for Maximilian of Austria was, after all, only a cat's-paw, or, to be accurate, a warming-pan, seeing that he had no direct heirs and was not likely to beget any, and that his collateral would not have accepted his heritage at a gift. Yet France spent money and blood in that venture. Truly, one may say, "Tu quoque, Brute!"

TWO REVIEWS.

When Rogues Fall Out. By Joseph Hatton. (Pearsons.)
Is War Now Impossible? Being an abridgment of "The War of the Future in its Technical, Economic, and Political Relations." By I. S. Bloch. With a Prefatory Conversation with the Author. By W. T. Stead. Translated from the Russian. (Grant Richards.)

Charles Lamb in his genial way suggested that as he had to live a strict and virtuous life, he could indulge indirectly in a little dissipation with the help of old dramatists. Nowadays, when we encounter no worse robber on the road than a pirate busman, the most virtuous may revel a little in fancy in the daring days of Jonathan Wild, Jack Sheppard, and others of different pretensions, who, in the first quarter of the last century, gave a fearsome individuality to London. Mr. Hatton has dipped deep in fact and fiction, and so in "When Rogues Fall Out" he has been able to conjure up a quaint as well as an uncouth and disordered London. He is much kinder than most of his literary predecessors to Jonathan Wild; his Jack Sheppard is a blithe young dog, and the women-folk are far from being unmixing evils—though the most proper one has little life. The pictures of lost London are clear, and it must be said that Mr. Hatton is genuinely interested in his characters. His is not high literary art at all; his

ideal of the novelist's province is simply entertainment, and though his ethics of construction are not above reproach, he succeeds up to a point in entertaining.

M. Bloch has given years to the study of the later military experts and the war appliances of the Great Powers, so he is able to write with authority on the vast forces of destruction which a European war would send nowadays into the field. He is able to put with terrible definiteness what non-specialists have felt in a vague way. His conclusion, however, is that military science has, in a sense, defeated itself; that owing to the deadliness of the engines of warfare armies could not really come to close quarters, that a struggle between great Continental nations would be necessarily indecisive. An equally important point is his study of European industries and Europe's whole system of economics which war would entirely disorganise, till a prolonged contest would end in famine and social upheaval. There are always matters of chance and psychology, of course, that upset the calculations of science, but we find many things in the thoughtful pages of "Is War Now Impossible?" to convince us that modern European Powers which resort to the sword will have early and terrible awakenings.

(DRAWN BY P. ECKHARDT.)



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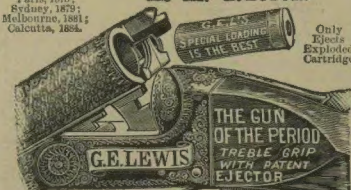
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Dean Bunbury has been elected to the see of Limerick, in succession to the late Rev. Dr. Graves. He is said to be a man of affairs more than a man of letters, and the ancient cathedral of St. Mary's, Limerick, flourished decidedly under his care.

Bishop Mylne has withdrawn from the English Church Union. He says that Lord Halifax's words have finally convinced him that membership means being responsible for many things of which he cannot approve, and which he dare not hope to amend.

The Rev. M. H. Noel, of St. Barnabas, Oxford, is to resign, after thirty years' service. His health has for many years been unsatisfactory. Mr. Noel's work has been well known to Oxford men.

Professor Shuttleworth, who has been seriously ill, has now recovered.

It is remarked by an experienced member of the London Church Congress that it is impossible to infuse warmth into an Albert Hall meeting. There is plenty of enthusiasm, but the Albert Hall is like London—it is too big to be a unit. Great complaints were made of the

wilderness of corridors and passages, and the want of small rooms and lounges.

Church extension is being vigorously prosecuted in Willesden, which during the last fifty years has grown from a village to a town of 101,000 people. A new church and vicarage are to be built in Salisbury Road; and the Nonconformist bodies are also actively engaged in providing for the wants of the district.

One of the most interesting discussions at the Church Congress was that on the Church and Nonconformity. There was a good attendance in the Albert Hall, but the platform was particularly thin, and the only prelates present were the President and the Bishop of St. Albans. Prebendary Wace, once a well-known leader-writer on the *Times*, gave a graphic account of the immense progress of Nonconformity, both in this country and over the world. He pointed out that the Evangelical Nonconformists had more than seventeen millions of communicants over the world as compared with three and a half millions of the Anglican communicants. These figures were listened to with astonishment, but in a friendly spirit. Canon Overton dealt very ably with the rise and growth of Methodism. Dean Farrar said that formal reunion was not now possible,

but that there could be unity of life and unity of love. The Bishop of London, in summing up, complained that a Nonconformist minister, with whom he had talked intimately and frankly as with a brother in Christ, had denounced him a week afterwards as a purse-proud prelate. It seems to be thought that on the whole the Church Congress was a success, though the reports in the papers have been brief, and the meetings have hardly laid hold of London.

The Evangelical reception which has become a regular institution on the eve of the Church Congress was held at Westminster Town Hall, and was a great success in every way. The presence of many ladies gave brightness to the gathering, and Sir Richard Temple presided at a discussion on "What constitutes a true Churchman."

I am able to say that several publishers are actively preparing popular books setting forth both sides of the Church controversy, and adapted for general circulation.

Dr. Parker unveiled a tablet erected by the Corporation of Bath in memory of the Rev. William Jay, for sixty years an eminent preacher in that town. This was Dr. Parker's first visit to Bath, and he met with a most cordial reception.

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